





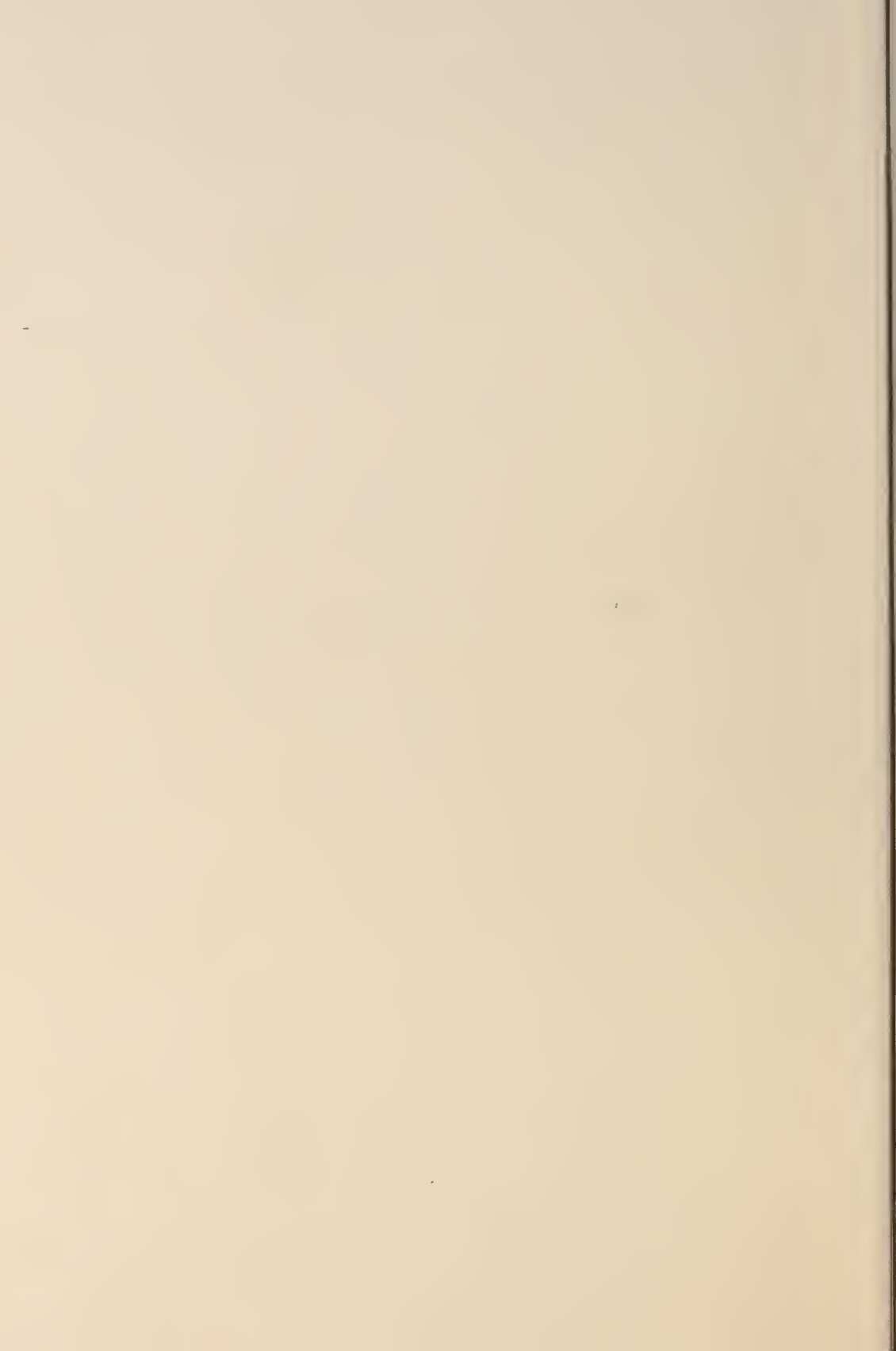
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The Missionary survey









# THE MISSIONARY SURVEY

R. A. LAPSLEY, D. D., Editor-in-Chief

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VOL. X.

NOVEMBER, 1920

No. 11

A CALL TO PRAYER .....	681
WORLD NOTES .....	692
EDITORIAL:	
In the Midst of the Mountains. Rev. J. W. Tyler.....	694
A Specimen Case. Egbert W. Smith.....	695
A Land of Perplexities. Dr. D. D. Main.....	696
HOME MISSIONS:	
Our Monthly Topic—Mountain Missions .....	698
Home Mission Week—November 21-28.....	698
O. P. C.'s Gifts to Students, Church and State. Winnie Lewis Gravitt.....	699
The Development of Churches and Schools in the Mountains.....	700
"Pray for Us" .....	700
My Friends in the Mountains. Elizabeth Thornton.....	702
Commissioned .....	702
Not the Proverbial Rainy Day. Miss Irene Saucier.....	704
Just a Few of Highland's Needs. Mrs. D. T. Brandenburg.....	706
Snapshots of the Mountain Work. Eleanora Andrews Berry .....	706
How's This for a Weekly Program?.....	710
First Creek. Rose Martin Wells .....	710
How Observe Home Mission Week?.....	711
Have You Any of These? .....	712
Our Spice Box .....	712
Senior Home Mission Program for November, 1920. Eleanora Andrews Berry .....	713
THE JUNIORS:	
Ten Little Duties .....	714
The Little Maids of the Mines. Rose Martin Wells .....	714
Junior Home Mission Program for November, 1920. Eleanora Andrews Berry .....	716
Do Something for Somebody .....	717
Two Fourths of July in One Year .....	717
What I Saw in Honolulu .....	718
Junior Foreign Mission Program for November, 1920. Miss Margaret McNeilly .....	719
FOREIGN MISSIONS:	
Samarita and the Prophet's Cake. Rev. Geo. E. Henderlite .....	720
New Arrivals in Brazil. Genevieve Marchant .....	724
Some Roman Catholic Processions. Ora M. Glenn.....	726
Ten Times One .....	728
Letter from Rev. Geo. W. Taylor, Jr. ....	729
A Patch-Work Letter from Mexico. Mrs. H. L. Ross.....	731
Morrison Memorial Bible School of Our Congo Mission. C. L. Crane.....	733
Traveling in the Congo. Miss Ruby Rogers .....	735
Cherry Blossoms and Other Things. Bess Blakeney.....	738
Young Lady Wanted. Egbert W. Smith .....	741
China's Greatest Need. Allen C. Hutchison .....	742
Her First Itinerating Trip. Miss Willie Bernice Greene .....	744
Missionary Arrivals and Sailings .....	746
Hidden Treasure .....	747
Senior Foreign Mission Program for November, 1920. Miss Margaret McNeilly .....	748
Comparative Statement Foreign Mission Receipts .....	748
CHRISTIAN EDUCATION AND MINISTERIAL RELIEF:	
"The Perfect Gift" .....	749
How Barbee Memorial Church Did It .....	749
Notes on Christian Education and Ministerial Relief.....	750
In Memoriam. Henry H. Sweets .....	752
An Effectual Way .....	752
THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY:	
Could We Have Lived in Galilee? Ila Earle Fowler.....	753
Kentucky's Synodical Auxiliary Organization. Mrs. Mary D. Irvine.....	754
Louisville Presbyterian Auxiliary. Miss Alice Eastwood .....	756
A Meeting of the Ebenezer Presbyterian Auxiliary.....	757
West Lexington Presbyterian Auxiliary .....	757
A Word in Regard to Mrs. E. O. Guerrant.....	758
Paducah-Muhlenburg Presbyterian. Mrs. W. T. Fowler.....	759
A Kentucky Welcome. G. Allison Holland .....	759
Ammunition .....	760
PUBLICATION AND SABBATH SCHOOL EXTENSION:	
Missionary Education for Presbyterian Young People. Gilbert Glass, D. D. ....	761
Sombreros. Elizabeth McE. Shields .....	764
The Youth of the Church and Missions. Anna Branch Binford.....	765

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*It's a good idea!*

---

In one society when a woman becomes a member of the Auxiliary she automatically becomes a subscriber to the Survey, the subscription cost being included as dues. That is the way big clubs handle their magazines; and in that way they become familiar with the aims of the club. The woman who told us about this plan said that it was very successful and that they liked the way it worked.

Perhaps you would like to try it.

Only, it leaves out the men.

Men should know of missions. The Survey is the Assembly's official organ on the subject. So, get the men to subscribe.

---

Don't wait until Survey Week to send in all subscriptions; go after them now, and especially the expirations.

Any week in the year may be your especial Survey Week. It is a time for definite and united effort. Secretaries of Literature, *get busy now!*

Let's have your society one hundred per cent. efficient both as to subscribing and reading the Survey.

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## HONOR ROLL CHURCHES

Lexington (Maxwell Street), Ky. - - - - - Attalla, Ala.





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## A CALL TO PRAYER

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1. For the Home Mission study period.
  2. For the Equipment Campaign now in progress for the funds for Oklahoma Presbyterian College.
  3. For the health of our mountain missionaries, that their health may be spared this winter, and strengthened.
  4. That many apparently small needs in the mountain schools may be filled.
  5. For the Mexico Campaign in the Sunday schools in 1920-21, according to the Seven-Year Plan.
  6. For all our missionaries on furlough, that they may find rest and renewed equipment, physical, mental and spiritual.
  7. For the additional missionaries needed in our Mexico Mission, especially a doctor and a nurse.
  8. For Rev. J. O. Reavis, D. D., and his work as associate Field and Foreign Secretary.
  9. For Mrs. W. C. Winsborough and Miss Carrie Lee Campbell, that they may have a safe and profitable visit to our missions in Japan, Korea and China.
  10. For the Graham Memorial Building, that many may be guided to acquire shares.
  11. For our missionaries who are sailing for foreign stations.
  12. For the future continued growth of Kentucky Presbyterials.
  13. For the missionary education of young people in the Sunday schools.
  14. That many may sign and observe the PLEDGE OF THE OPEN DOOR.
- 

## THE OPEN DOOR LEAGUE

---

### PLEDGE CARD

---

In view of the Open Door which God has now set before His people for giving the gospel to the whole world, and feeling my obligation to him who has bought me with his own precious blood, I hereby promise and oblige myself to do all that is in me to enter this Open Door with my prayers, my means, and, if possible, in person.

Signed.....

---

**Sign, cut out, and put in your Bible for daily reminder**

## A STATE OF SIZE AND NEED.

"Utah is 85,000 square miles of mountains, valleys and deserts, with a growing population of 450,000. Less than 10 per cent. of the cities are evangelized, out of 500 cities, towns and villages, less than 100 have any Protestant work, 20 cities with a population of about 1,000 have no established church or Sunday school. In the north part of the State there are three counties, two of which have not any established church and the third only one. In the southern part are five counties, the size of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and Delaware together, with a total population of 35,000. In this vast field there are only two small Sunday schools and one small church. Thus, we see that Utah is a needy field."—*Missions*.

## KINDERGARTEN FOR THE DEAF.

JAPAN has had schools for the deaf for a number of years, but until this year no attempt has been made to teach lip reading and speech, says *The Missionary Review of the World*. A kindergarten has been organized under the direction of the Presbyterian and German Evangelical Association Missions. Mrs. A. K. Reischauer, who is in charge, writes that more have applied for admission than can be accepted. The applicants range from the poorest to the son of a baroness. It is hoped that this kindergarten can demonstrate to the educational authorities what is possible, with the result that the government will then introduce modern methods into its institutions.

\* \* \*

It is said that the percentage of men in nearly all Protestant Churches is increasing.

\* \* \*

## BIBLES BY WEIGHT IN RUSSIA.

In Russia Bibles are bought and sold by weight, in accordance with the decree of Lenine. This man who is "anti-Christ" to the Greek Orthodox Church, has himself written books by the score, and not esteeming these products of his brain as "light reading," he has ordained that all books be sold by weight. To some extent the Scriptures are being al-

## WORLD

lowed sent in, and the Bible Society must give account of the pounds and ounces. On the average, 2,369 Bibles make a ton.

How much attention Lenine or his people will give the Bible is problematical, but if as America deports the "Reds" to Russia some one would supply each radical with a few pounds of Scripture, that which the world deprecates in the Soviet system might be neutralized.—*Ex*.

\* \* \*

In one county in Alabama it has been discovered that eight thousand children and young people are not connected with any Sunday school.—*Ex*.

\* \* \*

## BATHING AS AN EXCUSE.

In India girls give bathing as an excuse for absence from school, because it is so hard to find a propitious time for this exercise, quotes an exchange. "If they bathe on Sundays," says a mission report, "all the dirt rises to the sun, and this cuts off a bit from the length of the life. A bath on Tuesday means inability to earn much money. A girl with only one brother bathes at the peril of his life on Thursday, also at the risk of causing the family food supply to diminish. The girl who bathes on Saturday is sure to become a widow." Even on Monday, Wednesday and Friday discretion must be used on account of the moon's influence

\* \* \*

About forty Koreans are charter members of the first Korean church of the Middle West which was dedicated in Chicago in September 1919, says *Forward*. The pastor plans to found other churches wherever there are enough Korean Christians to warrant organization.

# NOTES

## MORMON EXTENSION.

The Mormon Church extends its domain by going into valleys with colonists for whom it buys tracts of land and sells to their people on easy terms. Western Wyoming is a well-known illustration. An exchange compares this habit with a similar habit of the Roman Catholic Church, for example in Quebec, where it is well known. Also the Quebec Church is helping to colonize Vermont with French-speaking Canadians. As to Mormonism, we should be awake to the fact that the Mormons have increased in a more rapid ratio since the last census than any other religious body, there being now 403,000 as against 215,000 ten years ago.—*Christian Advocate (New York.)*

\* \* \*

## AMERICAN MISSION SCHOOL-HOUSES.

An Englishman observes that:

"Wherever the Germans go, you find an arsenal; wherever the French go, you find a railroad; wherever the British go, you find a customs house; and wherever the Americans go, you find a school-house."

Five hundred American schoolhouses are scattered between Constantinople and the Nile, and it is true that the American teacher is always accorded the right of way in the Near East. It is significant that the leading men and women of that territory are graduates of American schools. The Mohammedans are coming to realize that they have no form of education which will measure up to modern conditions. Their curriculum and methods have no connection with present day living, and aim to develop the memory rather than the intel-

lect. However reluctant America may be to enter a political mandatory, she is bound to uphold the educational mandate already established.—*Ex.*

\* \* \*

## MISSIONS IN KOREA RECEIVE LARGE DONATION OF HOSPITAL SUPPLIES FROM AMERICAN RED CROSS.

WHEN the withdrawal of the American Red Cross from Siberia was determined upon last spring, immense stores of hospital supplies then in Vladivostock were diverted to other countries.

Through the efforts of the Korea Chapter of the American Red Cross, of which our own missionary, Capt. M. L. Swinehart, is chairman, thirty mission hospitals in that country became the recipients of about \$175,000.00 worth of these valuable supplies, consisting of rolled bandages, gauze, blankets, flannels, hot water bottles, ice caps, adhesive tape, layettes, and cases of rare and valuable drugs collected before and during the war, and which at the present time are almost unobtainable, surgical instruments and entire dispensary outfit units.

Our five mission hospitals, and the Leper Hospital for which we are responsible, benefitted in this generous distribution to the amount of about \$17,000.00.

These supplies will be of immense value in the work of our hospitals and will serve the double purpose of relieving human suffering and extending the boundaries of the kingdom of heaven.

---

Mexico is the street Arab among the nations, says the *World Outlook*. There is often fine mettle in a street Arab and the right kind of teaching and leadership will make a good citizen of him. Beatings and neglect will turn him into a rowdy.



# EDITORIAL



## IN THE MIDST OF THE MOUNTAINS.

REV. J. W. TYLER, D. D., *Assembly's  
Superintendent of the Mountain  
Department.*

THE unbounded opportunity of service offered the Southern Presbyterian Church in the Southern Appalachian Mountains is emphasized by the fact that our mission buildings, church and school, were not able to contain the mountain children and people who are attracted by what they offer to the communities in which they are located. With the very fewest of exceptions, it is a fact that we were compelled to turn away from our doors some of the children who desired to attend both day school and boarding school. We could have had a great many more children under the splendid influences of the day schools, boarding schools and Sunday schools and churches, if we had only been able to accommodate them in our schools. We are doing all that we can just now to enlarge the plants where it is an absolute necessity, and hope to accommodate a good many more of the children next session. By having them with us every day in the week in our schools, we are able to do much more for them than when we have them only on the Sabbath. And we can thus also give them the sanitary and domestic science training of various kinds, so much needed, with the day school work. This training they are thus encouraged to take back with them to their homes and help their parents make these homes more comfortable.

This printed message is to request our Christian friends all over the country to remember before the throne these various

schools and Sunday schools and churches with their many pastors, Sunday schools and church and community workers, and also to remember the many teachers who have opportunity day by day to teach of Christ as they teach the regular branches required by the Southern Educational Association and by the several State boards. If you knew the responsibilities and the great opportunities in this department of our General Assembly's work, I am sure this request would be all sufficient for you to place this work and interests on your daily prayer calendar. Do not forget to ask that we be spared the ravages of the dreaded "flu" which have been so marked in the mountains the last several winters.

The nature of the mountain work is changing. The opening of the mining camps has entirely changed the aspect of the work at Stuart Robinson. A railroad route has been surveyed which will run past Canoe, and in a few years there will be thousands of people and hundreds of children within reach of that station.

Transformations are rapidly taking place in the Southern mountains, and now is the time of all times in their whole history to be diligent and prayerfully earnest in hearing these "cries from Macedonia." We believe that the next twelve months are beckoning us to a more rapid and fundamental realization of our dreams in these sections and that our Church is given the supreme invitation of Providence just now to take the very



A "Better Mountain Home."

leading part in causing the waste places of the mountains to "blossom as the rose." God grant that in the threefold way—by prayer, by activities, and by giving of

our means—you and I may fill to the fullest the days, as one by one they stretch out into the beckoning months  
*Winchester, Ky.*

### A SPECIMEN CASE.

EGBERT W. SMITH.

**N**EVER in the nine years of my secretaryship have there been so many of our mission stations suffering acutely from vacancies in the station force caused by death, or break-down, or forced removal to even needier stations.

It is nothing short of a tragedy that in so many cases, especially in Korea, this depletion of force has come at the very time when the doors of opportunity are widest open.

The enclosed letter from one of our veteran missionaries is a sample of the appeals that are continually coming to us. Surely in such letters some of our young people should hear the call of God to fill these vacancies in our Foreign Mission ranks.

Dear Dr. Smith:

We are hoping to see some help coming to our assistance soon. The home-going of ——— has weakened our station very much. You see it took away one home. We have now only one home in the station.

Again, Miss ———, who was in evangelistic work, has been taken out of that and placed in school work in ———'s place. We have a large field and only one woman to teach the women of the country. Other fields may be needier. I don't know, but ours is an urgent call for both men and women. Our whole mission seems to be in this condition.

We have asked for additional workers,

but they seem very scarce. I trust you will be able soon to fill up our ranks to where they were a few years ago anyway. We have been knocked out so long that we are getting weak, and we feel the lack of support. We should be going forward, and we have been going backwards as to workers. But the work has steadily grown, and is heavier than ever.

And then, as to our doctor, you know more than we do. He has been off the

field about two years and the hospital has been closed.

Tell it out so that the Church may know that the workers have been depleted, and ask the Church if she wants her soldiers to fight with depleted forces, or will she fill the ranks when a soldier falls, to say nothing of sending reserves to give a little respite and rest.

Your friend,

## A LAND OF PERPLEXITIES.

DR. D. D. MAIN.

CHINA is a land of perplexities and uncertainties where honorable prophets are afraid to prophesy; no one can ever tell what a day or night may bring forth; the gulf between the North and South is still unbridged; no life line has been thrown across; the Shanghai Conference has been a failure; Wang-i-tang is in hiding; the Anfu Club has collapsed; China still has more than a million men under arms and half of her budget is for military purposes; her politics continue in a chaotic condition and the same selfish money and power grasping intrigue prevail on every hand. The North is actually fighting the North. The South will next be fighting the South, and no matter what happens the people have to pay, and suffer.

The student mass movement has subsided, but the anti-Japanese boycott still continues, although some of us thought it would have died out long ago. There is a strong rising spirit of resistance against all foreign dictation and intervention, yet China has allowed herself to become increasingly dependent upon foreign loans, mortgaging her best resources as security. Chinese must break with Japanese militarism. The Japanese influence is bad; it has, however, stirred up, or created, rather, a spirit of patriotism and respect for their own dignity and greater interest in their own welfare.

"Thou art coming to a King;  
Large petitions with thee bring;  
For His grace and power, are such  
None can ever ask too much."

The Tuchunate in China must go, as our General Lu said a little time ago. No country can ever prosper with the civil authority in the hands of the militarists. During the revolution when every one lived in an atmosphere of anxiety for a few days, not only in regard to our own safety, but as to the ultimate result of the conflict also, the urgent call to prayer was constantly being sounded. The suddenness of the alarm, the desperate nature of the struggle, the secrecy, and the great uncertainty of what was happening simply made prayer a necessity to life. Men and women who had never heard the gospel, had never seen a foreigner, and never prayed before, ran to our compound under the impulse of common danger to ask the foreigners and their God of heaven to protect them. No one will deny that our protection and remarkable deliverances were inexplicable on any other ground than that of divine intervention. The moral result of that trying time upon the Chinese has disappointed us very much and fallen very far short of our expectation. We expected that after such an eruption at least a few good men, honest and true, would be brought to the surface, and would with their backbones to the front, face the task of saving China.

We expected a changed people and all things to become new. Since then China has had many ups and downs; in fact,



she has been in the stewpan all the time, and her dangers are greater than they were then, and she needs God to-day even more than she did in the blackest days of the terrible revolution.

Even a cursory glance at the present state of affairs must convince any one who is not a blind optimist of the grave threatenings which may with very little warning break out into serious trouble. All over the country, in all important towns there is unrest and a strong anti-foreign feeling, and matters are in a much more serious state than is generally known. . . . Large numbers of troops are in occupation of the principal towns and a single spark may set ablaze a great conflagration.

The soldiers are simply waiting for the "open door and equal opportunity" to loot, steal and destroy and do the vanishing trick.

Some of China's foreign relationships are not over-cordial, and it is not difficult to imagine circumstances which might quickly get the situation thoroughly out of hand. And in her domestic life there are elements of danger. Rice is higher in price than it has ever been and the rising cost of the bare necessities of life is causing an angry growling on the part of the people against unjust officials and profiteering merchants which may at any moment become articulate in a way which will be overwhelmingly disastrous to the whole country.

I am no alarmist and have no wish to exaggerate the facts. We hope those in authority are acting wisely and with absolute sincerity, and are giving the best that is in them to a service which does not always meet with suitable recognition on the part of those served, but of this we have our doubts. In writing thus plainly it is not to frighten any one but to call attention to the need of prayer for China. We want more than to be told that Christ's coming is the only event that will usher in a new era, and tell us that God's people are not to concern themselves with the state of affairs in China, other than regard them as a call to energetic evan-

gelism. While sharing with them entirely the Blessed Hope of Christ's return we find nothing in the word of God which warrants any such assumption as they follow. On the other hand, we do find much which urges upon those whose first loyalty is to him the duty of prayer on behalf of national life, earthly rulers, and those in authority. And we earnestly desire to call upon such to fulfil at this time their higher calling.

A much better thing to do than sit down with folded arms and wait for the Lord's return. It is easy to criticize the President and those under him. Let us pray for them. If we believe that China has a great part yet to play in the world's history and that God fulfils His purposes through elected nations as well as through elected persons, and that in order to meet His will China must come under the sway of His control, *let us pray*. If we believe with Cromwell that "it is part of a man's religion to see that his country is properly governed," and as this is the land of our adoption, *let us pray*. If He has placed us here to do His will, *let us pray*. If He has given us a vision and an understanding of the times, *let us pray*. However black the clouds and great the dangers and wild the rumors and disquieting the situation, our experience of God's deliverance in the past forbids us to doubt and commits us to prayer. If ten men might have saved Sodom what can not the missionaries in China accomplish if they give themselves to prayer and seeking the Lord in this present time of China's great need! China truly, is sadly in need of repairs. She is fatally hurt, if not kilt entirely, and needs a *new head* and *additions*.

To kill, in composing room language, means to slaughter something that has been put in type.

One newspaper received the following instructions by wire:

"Kill 'Man Fatally Hurt,' in trolley wreck; not yet dead." The copy reader at once wrote the following note for the composing room: "Hold 'Man Fatally Hurt,' for new head and additions."

*Hangchow, China, Aug. 7, 1920.*

# HOME MISSIONS

REV. S. L. MORRIS, D. D.,  
EDITOR.

MISS ELEANORA A. BERRY,  
LITERARY EDITOR.

HURT BUILDING, ATLANTA, GA.

## Our Monthly Topic—Home Mission Week—Mountain Missions

### HOME MISSION WEEK.

*November 21-28.*



THE Church Calendar, which catalogues the schedule of operations for the year, would be incomplete without Home Mission Week. It is of national scope and of fundamental importance. It is the time for advertising the claims of the Homeland, by sermons, addresses, posters and select literature. Pastors who observe it find it not only attractive to the people, but a means of arousing enthusiasm for Church Extension.

Missionary societies have so arranged their schedules and programs for the year as to make Home Mission Week coincide with their Self-denial and Thank-offerings, which affords opportunity for the expression of their interest in this greatest of causes. Each year some definite object is selected, so that the accumulated gifts find permanent place in a monument of immense value to the kingdom. All over the territory covered by our Home Mission operations, churches, academies, dormitories and colleges are the concrete expression of the love and loyalty of our devoted women.

As the Indians are the subject of our Sabbath-school Mission Studies for the year, beginning April 1st, it has been decided that the monument erected by the gifts of Home Mission Week and Self-denial Offerings shall be the new dormitory of the Oklahoma Presbyterian College authorized by the General Assembly. In many respects this is the greatest mis-

sionary institution in the Church. Its success and usefulness are evident from the fact that its student body last year increased from 130 to 247. The new dormitory will more than double its capacity and usefulness.

Of the \$100,000 authorized by the General Assembly, the Missionary Synod of Oklahoma has already contributed \$30,000 and the Executive Committee an equal sum. It will require \$40,000 to finish and equip it for service. The missionary societies are asked to furnish one-half of the remainder and individuals the other half. This is not an exorbitant demand, considering that twelve years ago the women gave \$12,000 on the first dormitory.

This unfinished building makes its own worthy appeal. Offerings promptly received will save much of the cost, if the work can go forward uninterrupted, and thereby prevent the additional expense incident to such interruption. The dire need for more room, the embarrassment of overcrowded conditions, and the great promise of splendid service to the Church, all combine to make this appeal for liberal gifts one of unprecedented importance. Under the influence of love for the cause and the inspiration of the Spirit of God, we are confident that the friends of Home Missions will not fail us in this great opportunity for "coming up to the help of the Lord."

## O. P. C.'S GIFTS TO STUDENTS, CHURCH AND STATE.

WINNIE LEWIS GRAVITT, '14.

OKLAHOMA Presbyterian College has indeed been generous in her gifts to her students. As truly as she has received, so has she given, in scholarship, social life, fine arts, ideals and Christianity. The high ideals, the practical Christianity for which she has stood, have been a wonderful factor in the developing of the character of her students.

I am speaking not of things I've heard, but of things I know. I entered O. P. C. in the opening year. For four years I was a student, graduating from the college department. Since then I have kept in close touch with the college, the students and the faculty.

In the early days of the first year we organized a Y. W. C. A., a Miriam Band. The Y. W. was the most complete and effective organization I have ever known. We reached every girl and had the co-operation of the faculty. Our Mission Study classes were enthusiastic groups, regular in attendance and diligent in preparation.

One of the ministers of our city said there was more Christ in the Presbyterian College than in the whole town of Durant. I think he was not the only one who noticed it. Many have remarked that to enter the college was like entering a church to pray. The girls felt this, and imbued with the true missionary zest, carried the spirit with them to their homes. We have had numbers of Student Volunteers, always earnest, capable girls who carried the standard and the message O. P. C. had given them, maybe not to foreign lands, but to homes where the need is great.

What have the students of Oklahoma Presbyterian College become? In a measure I can answer that. Very few have

done nothing; all have been loyal to the college. During the war we had one overseas Red Cross nurse, Effie Barnett, of the class of 1914. Numerous girls were in charge of Thrift Stamp, Liberty Bonds, Y. M. and other campaigns. I know one girl who taught a rural school, organized the Red Cross and had charge of the bond issues in her township, who organized the Sunday school, was organist at church, and then wanted to go overseas.

Probably the greatest number have taught school. Courses in pedagogy have been added to fill this demand. In every case they have been true, earnest workers who had the best interest of their pupils at heart. Some have organized Camp Fire and Boy Scout clubs, others have taken up Christian Endeavor work. One of our girls has become the director of all Endeavorers in the eastern part of the State. Her work is far-reaching and thorough.

Of course many have married, taking up the social and church life in each community; each has been a leader, carrying into the homes the same ideas and ideals that the dear college tried so faithfully to impart to all.

In a recent meeting of the O. P. C. alumnae we tried to express our thanks to Dr. and Mrs. Morrison for the many things O. P. C. has given us while in their care. But our thanks were inadequate, for we know that the teachings and ideals have become a part of us and our praise or thanks can never express what we feel.

I believe that O. P. C. will not call in vain for help. So many have received the benefit of the college, and your gifts will never be wasted; they will be returned to you an hundred-fold.

*Durant, Okla.*



## THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

*A Stenographic Report of an Address by REV. W. B. GUERRANT, at the Jackson Conference.*

**M**Y subject this morning is the Development of the Churches and Schools in the Mountains, and I am going to try to stick to it. Before we can understand this work in the mountains, it is necessary to know something about the development of the churches and schools in the mountains. Dr. Wilson's book, *The Southern Mountaineer*, I believe, is the best on the subject, though a little out of date.

When we speak of a mountaineer I am not thinking of the people in Jackson or Knoxville or Asheville, or any of the large cities and towns of the mountains, because they are exactly the same as any cities in the Southern States, but of those people back in the coves, about two million of them. Our Church is the only

Church which is doing any large amount of school work among these people.

I was thinking while Dr. Telford was speaking so earnestly about God's hand in everything, absolutely everything, "was God's hand in setting back for one hundred years the development of these mountains, that they might be developed now when most needed? When the country was first being settled, there came across the Appalachians these various settlers, with their wagons and foot trains, and along with them came the circuit rider, the preacher, and nearly all these preachers were Presbyterians. These old Scotch-Irish ministers would go about and whenever possible would place a school, such as Maryville, and from that training came those mountain giants who were raised up in our early history. It was the training of these schools and not the fresh air in the mountains. Fresh air does not make mental giants; it was the placing the church and school constantly together. When the tide became so great, when so many people came over, these preachers were compelled to draw in their work, and our Church began immediately to lapse. Then came the Methodists and other denominations, but they, too, somehow lost out, and back up in these coves there set in a religious stagnation, and it went from bad to worse, until finally the churches throughout the mountains became almost a negligible quantity.

Now in speaking of the mountain people, I believe that if I stay in the work a few more years I shall reach the stage where I cannot make a speech at all. The shorter time we are in the work, the better speech we can make. The problems become so complex that it becomes more and more impossible to make a speech.

If you want to see a picture of America without God, get on this train and go up



Two men who have had much to do with the development of Breathitt County work. Rev. J. W. Tyler, Superintendent of Assembly's Home Missions Mountain Work, and Thomas B. Talbot, Superintendent of Home Missions in West Lexington Presbytery.

into the mountains and coves beyond Blackey, and you can find your picture, a people who have no conception of what God means. A few days ago I was talking to two girls, about fourteen or fifteen years old. I began to talk to them of their religion, but when I asked them whether they were Christians, they did not know; they did not know who Christ was; they had only a vague idea of Christianity and what it means. That is the rule and not the exception, far back up in the mountains, absolute ignorance of Christ and what he did, almost as much so as in China.

In 1870 the Synod of Kentucky started the work in the mountains. The evangelists started out and organized churches here and there, and to-day you can find the deserted buildings. The leader was sent in, organized a church, and then Synod and the Christian people of the Church did not support the work and they lost out. It seems that we do not appreciate as a Church this mountain problem; we do not back it up, and then the work dies out. If you want a real difficult job, try to go and reorganize an old church which has been allowed to die, anywhere throughout the mountains.

The Soul Winners came to this conclusion, after the organization of these churches, that the way to do is to place a school beside the church, and that is now the policy of every place I know of, and every denomination. They make a very effective weapon to-

wards the reaching of the mountain boy and girl.

Now I do not say that the church could not succeed without the school, but I do not know of a single instance where a church without a school has succeeded. Some one down at Montreat said that the Apostle Paul did not fool with a school. Conditions were different. We have to train our leaders. We have no educated people to work with. Dr. Erdman was talking of a very pious Episcopalian who thought the Episcopal Church was the only Church. Some one asked him if one could be saved another way. He said, "Well, there might be some other way, but I do not think any gentleman ought to take advantage of it." There may be some other way of developing the mountain church, but I do not know of it.

Let me give an illustration. Jett Creek church was founded in 1878, Highland, nine years ago. Jett Creek had the best material with which to work, a splendid people known all through these mountains, a prosperous people. When I came to Highland I found the Jett Creek church roll, and three or four hundred people. Up at Highland, in the less favorable community, there has been founded a church beside the school, and both been working together. During the short time I have been there, there has not been a year in which the Highland church has not gotten at least twenty-five or thirty-five new members. I think it will continue to

### "PRAY FOR US."

**A**N earnest plea comes from one of the teachers in the mountains that very definite and persistent prayers be offered, that the health of our workers may be spared this winter. Last year the work was sadly interrupted and curtailed by sickness of the workers at practically every station. Stuart Robinson was very seriously crippled in its work from this cause, Mr. and Mrs. Tadlock, Miss Herron and Miss McLaurin all having been out of the work for some time because of very serious illness, while the same thing to a lesser degree occurred at other points.

The work is hard, the climate trying, the inconveniences and hardships sometimes almost beyond description. Small wonder that our workers break under the strain. Several of the most needed workers are right now on the point of a breakdown. Let us remember this request and ask that the work may be allowed to continue this year without this interruption and hindrance.

grow. It started under a sycamore tree on Puncheon Creek. They built two cottages, then the schoolhouse, then a dormitory, then another one, and then the hospital. To-day they are building out of the native stone an orphanage and a new school building, and we are building up there a powerful weapon for the mountains of Kentucky. What we have done there as a gradual development, Mr. Tadlock has done up at Blackey in a hurried way. Highland has had comparatively slow growth. It has taken eight years to get up to the stage where we are to-day. I believe we have reached the solution of the mountain problem, if we can carry it on in the way we are going.

At Levi, Haddix, Athol, all those places, they will plant a desire in the hearts of those children to become something higher, to reach higher, to desire better things, and in that way we are gradually reach-

ing the whole community. We have reached the stage here in Breathitt where the work is fairly well developed, and the battle line has passed on up farther in the mountains.

Before I close I would pay the highest tribute to the missionaries who have come up here in the days past. I have read of sacrifice; I have read of heroism; I have read of Godliness, but I have never seen the equal of those women who have been sent up here in the years before, and have actually given their lives to the work. When you want to get at the secret of the success of the mountain work, you can place it on the blood of those early teachers. At Highland, at Levi, all the points, practically every one comes out with broken health, giving their lives literally as a sacrifice for these people, breaking their health by the failure of the Church to provide even the simplest equipment.



Just five of the many who need a chance.

ENTIRELY surrounded and cut off by high, wooded ridges, these people of the mountains live in a beautiful fertile valley in the western section of one of our fairest Southern States. They are apparently content with their lot, yet upon closer study and more prolonged acquaintance, one discovers a certain restlessness, an unexpressed, nameless longing which they cannot themselves divine. We began our work among them early in the summer, and during the three months of our stay conducted two Sunday schools, prayer meeting, a Christian Endeavor Society, and a day school. At Mountain Grove, our nearest post-office,

## MY FRIENDS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

*Being an Account of Three Months' Mission Work by an A. T. S. Girl in the Virginia Mountains.*

ELIZABETH THORNTON

stands a Presbyterian church building in which, so far as we were able to find out, no Sunday school or other organized form of service had been held for nearly four years. That fact again brings home the challenge, "The need to-day is not so much of money, but of men."

The territory just adjoining Mountain Grove, known as Little Back Creek, was really the center of our activities. There we made our home with one of the families—and may I add that our mountain home was ideal in every respect. There we taught daily in a tiny one-room schoolhouse which served as a church as well, and there we made the acquaintance



of the five in the picture. Ethel, the pretty little black-haired girl, and her two brothers sitting just to her left, had not been to school at all until this summer. There had been no school in that place for two years, and no Sunday school. Small wonder then that the children had "done fergot all they ever knowed." The evidence of lack of training was appalling, but the bright minds, active, healthy bodies, and the eager, un-failing interest, were a constant challenge to give them the best that was in us.

From the weaver of carpets and coverlets who had long since passed her allotted threescore years and ten, to nine-year-old Bill, the weaver of dreams, each person in the valley was a center of our active interests and our prayers. During a meeting conducted by Rev. William E. Hudson, of Staunton, Va., many confessed Christ, among them being four heads of families. These Christians, young in the faith, are now sadly in need of a leader, and as yet no teacher has been secured for the school this winter. There is no Presbyterian preacher on the circuit—where is their chance?

To return to the weaver of carpets, she is altogether delightful. Her record for the past twenty years, in weaving, is eleven hundred and fifty yards of the most perfect and most beautiful work I have ever seen. How we did love to hear her narrate the every day events of her life, her words did so strongly

testify to her serene constant trust in her Lord. She always made me think of the last chapter of Margaret Sangster's book, "Winsome Womanhood," for with such sweet patience and peaceful contentment was she "waiting for the angels."

To come to Bill—well, he was just Bill—alive to his finger tips, quick laughing eyes, bubbling with the energy and fun of youth. I well remember my first question to him and how he answered. "Bill," I asked, "in what State do you live?" "Little Back Creek," he answered, with prompt decision. Thus Bill described his State and that of many others in a far better, clearer way, than any language of mine could picture it to you. There are countless others in the mountains, bright, interesting boys and girls with wonderful possibilities. Yet life to most of them is just an ignorant, blotted page, as they live their lives apart from the busy world, following the ways and customs of their fathers. The older generation,

too, realize the need, for in their own appealing way they have told me, "You have no right to leave our children to grow up like this without a teacher."

Friends, there is One who stands ready to be their teacher, to meet their needs. His gospel alone is indispensable and adequate. It is through our lips that he wishes to speak to them, through our lives that he wishes to lift them to him. He has never failed, yet sometimes do we not fail him?

*Atlanta, Ga.*



Bill, weaver of Dreams.

## COMMISSIONED.

"As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you."

Out of the realm of the glory-light,  
Into the grief of rejected love;  
Out from the bliss of worshipful song,  
Into the pain of hatred and wrong;  
Out from the holy rapture above,  
Into the grief of rejected love;  
Out from the life at the Father's side

Into the death of the crucified;  
Out from high honor into shame,  
The Master, willingly, gladly came,—  
And now, since he may not suffer anew,  
As the Father sent him, so sendeth He  
you!

—H. W. F., in an Exchange.

## NOT THE PROVERBIAL RAINY DAY.

MISS IRENE SAUCIER.

*(If you doubt the fact that a mountain worker has to be a good sport, read this.—Editor.)*

THE proverb of some ancient sage ever reminds us to lay up goods for a "rainy day." There are some "rainy days" in the mountains of East Kentucky where water wings or a bathing suit would be the most desirable or useful possession. The writer recently had the experience of passing just such a day, and at the urgent request of the editor, she now makes an effort to relate the experiences of that eventful day.

One morning early in June I took the train at Wilmore, Ky., for the mission

fields of the Cumberlands. For almost two days the rain had poured down in torrents, but being unacquainted with road conditions in the mountains in such weather, I did not stand back on that account. After several hours of riding, my train arrived at Whick, located in the lower part of Breathitt County, at which station I was to get off.

It was already 6 o'clock in the afternoon; it was about five miles to Canoe, the point at which I was to be stationed; and the road over which we were to travel was, in most places, the bed of the mountain creek. On account of the Kentucky River being up, the two men who had come to meet me, Mr. Selden Turner and a friend, had to leave our horses about a mile across the river. The rain continued to pour, but we gathered up my luggage and crossed the river on the railroad bridge nearby; my first experience at walking a trestle above a raging torrent. The horses were still almost a mile away and there yet remained to be crossed a little creek well out of its banks, over which there was no bridge. The greatest mystery of the whole trip is that I got across that creek without getting wet! Finally, we waded through a muddy cornfield and reached the place where our horses were tied.

Though there were three of us in the party, we had only two steeds, a horse and a mule, upon which to make the trip. I was standing on a wagon wheel leaning against a mule, when the mule stepped away. But as I was drenched already, that mattered little. Finally, after a series of ups and downs we succeeded in strapping on my suit cases and violin, and were ourselves mounted. My position was on the horse, behind Mr. Turner in the usual mountain fashion. Thus arranged, we started on our journey.

Except for the pouring rain, all went



Mr. Turner on Darling, the horse of the Story.



well for about two miles. We had crossed "Sulphur Gap" and had descended to the head waters of Liek Branch. It was here at the junction of two swollen streams that we sustained serious losses. We were about two-thirds of the way across the swollen stream when our horse stumbled. We lost our balance, the saddle girth broke, and saddle, riders, hat boxes and all fell backward into the creek. We soon picked ourselves up, but on looking around saw both saddle and bundles whirling down the creek. The saddle alone was recovered. Gone were my suit case, clothes, fountain pen, umbrella! and even the hats we were wearing were lost in the surging water. Fortunately, the mule was carrying my precious violin.

We did not know it at the time, but later discovered that our other companion, who had gone ahead on the mule, in an effort to dismount, get my suitcase, and come to my assistance, also fell in the creek!

Having rearranged ourselves, we traveled another mile with a fair degree of comfort. By this time we had reached "the mountain" over which we had to pass. Night had now added its gloom to the hills and valleys, and the sky being overcast with angry clouds, it was intensely dark. As we began to ascend the slope, we found that a number of trees had fallen across the road. It was therefore necessary for us to dismount and lead our horses up the hill, and having reached the top, we once more mounted and continued the ride.

This is where we literally got into deep water, for we had descended upon Canoe Creek and the waters were rolling high. There lay before us about two miles more, and most of the road lay in the bed of the creek. For half a mile or more our route lay through a defile, dark, narrow and rocky. While passing through this place the water grew deeper and swifter. As we rode along down the creek the water would frequently rise over our shoes. However, we had grown so accustomed to mere trivialities that we were daunted by neither the darkness nor the

water. In fact, I laughed through it all, and did not realize we had been in real danger until Mr. Turner said after we reached the cozy little mission home that he had never before made the trip under such conditions, and that he had been much worried. So we pursued our journey until we arrived at our destination with a feeling of thanksgiving and relief. Mrs. Turner had made a big fire to warm us up—one of the old-fashioned kind—and the supper which awaited us was steaming hot. Soon our wet clothes were changed and we sat down to enjoy our supper.

It is needless to say that after such an introduction to mountain mission work, all other experiences of the summer were easy.

*Wilmore, Ky.*



The little lady who tells the story, at the left.

## JUST A FEW OF HIGHLAND'S NEEDS.

MRS. D. T. BRANDENBURG, *Matron.*

THE Highland School, at Guerrant, Ky., opened on July 20th with prospects for a very successful year. The girls' dormitory is full and the boys are fast coming in, so that we expect their building to be full in a very short time.

The faculty is composed of young ladies of the finest Christian character. They are congenial with every one. They not only have the welfare of the school at heart, but the community as well. With Mrs. Guerrant at the head, they have formed an organization to do community work. As soon as the literature comes, they are going to organize a Home Department and Cradle Roll in the Sunday school.

The field is indeed a broad one. The harvest is ready, but the laborers are few. Too, our work is very often hindered by lack of equipment; for example, in the school we need a geographical globe and maps; and in the Music Department we need a new piano.

I have organized three sewing classes, and the girls are very anxious to learn to sew, but we have no equipment. We need needles, pins, darning needles, six pairs of scissors, six tape lines, one dozen darning eggs, black and white darning cotton, black and white thread, and a

sewing machine in good repair! We need pillow cases, towels and tea towels, and if the material for these is sent, they can be made by the sewing classes.

Then, too, the children should have some recreation and some athletic training, but we have no paraphernalia of any kind for this. We will take anything we can get along this line, but especially we would like to have a basket-ball and a volley-ball.

We have here a two-story hospital building, very well equipped, but we have neither a nurse or a doctor, so of course our hospital is of little use. We pray some good servant of the Master will read this article and will find himself or herself able to fill this vacancy.

We can use clothes in good condition, window shades, dishes, pillows, blankets, table-cloths and napkins. Our post-office address is Guerrant, Ky., and our express and freight station is Athol, Ky.

But above all, we need not to be forgotten by the Christian people in the churches, in their prayers. We want you to pray, and pray earnestly, that we may be guided by the heavenly Father in all that we do or say, and that we may have health and strength to carry on this work.

*Guerrant, Ky.*

## SNAPSHOTS OF THE MOUNTAIN WORK.

ELEANORA ANDREWS BERRY.

AFTER a delightful three days' stay at the Jackson Conference. I snatched my first real view of the Kentucky work. Even at that it could not truthfully be called a real view, for the stops at the different stations were not long enough for more than a mere "snapshot" of the work or workers. It is a matter of regret, too, that because of a "lost cord" on my camera, the snapshots which I endeavored to take were practically all failures.

The up train from Jackson on Friday afternoon was late, as usual. However, a very short ride brought us to Copland, where we said goodbye to the Tadlocks, Miss McLaurin, Miss Wester, and the Scotts from Whitesburg. "We" is not the editorial we, but consisted of Miss Irene Saucier, who has been doing community work at Canoe this summer; "Preacher," so called by the mountain folk, "because that is what he is," otherwise Rev. J. T. Gillespie, who has been

supplying the Canoe church during the summer, and the writer.

At Copland we found Mr. Selden Turner's father with two horses, and a small boy with a mule, to take five people and three bags to Canoe. This was no task at all for mountain horses and mules. I was given the place of honor, and was allowed to ride Mrs. Turner's "Darling," with Miss Irene behind me. Mr. Turner took two bags on his horse, and Mr. Gillespie carried the suit-case on the saddle pommel, and the small boy behind him.

Even with the late train, and though it was sundown, they hoped that we might be able to get "over the mountains" before dark, but this was not to be. One thought which forced itself into the mind over and over again was the fact that we of the cities do not appreciate the moon. We say, "What a beautiful moon," but do not realize what a very real blessing the moonlight is. That ride up the creek, over the mountain, and down the rocky bed of Canoe Creek under the wonderful August moon, with the quiet of the mountains on every hand, is an experience not soon to be forgotten. The fact that it takes two hours and more to go the five miles on horseback in the summer season, when roads are good, will give some idea of the roads over which every bit of the building material for the new dormitory has had to be hauled.

The dormitory, by the way, is the farthest advanced of any of the new buildings, and will be ready for use before cold weather, but it must be furnished, and would just love a "linen shower." Mrs. Turner's missionary work during the summer has been boarding the dormitory men—no one in the neighborhood would take them, while at Highland it required real diplomacy to award that privilege without causing hard feelings—and putting up fruit for dormitory use this winter. Six bushels of peaches had been given for the purpose, also many apples, while Miss Irene and the girls of the neighborhood picked blackberries galore. With all her housekeeping cares, Mrs. Turner has found time to visit all the sick in the neighborhood, and had for ten days been dressing a "mastoid"

wound, while just before it was time to start for the train a message came for her to come to see a little sick girl, and she answered the call on Darling, or whose back she has ridden hundreds of miles, by night and by day in all kinds of weather, winter and summer, ministering for five miles up and down Canoe Creek and the other branches, as well as "down the river."

She needs, always, simple medicines, bandages, gauze and clean old muslin.

The ride back to the railroad was without incident, and on a train almost an hour late the journey was once more taken up, this time headed for Blackey, which was reached at 10:20 that night, four hours and a half to go sixty miles.

The next morning the bell rang out calling the children to Sunday school. It is more than an interesting fact that from Hazard, the county seat of Perry County, on back into the mountains to Whitesburg, the county seat of Letcher County, a distance of fifty-seven miles on the railroad, thickly dotted all the way with mining camps, every Sunday school is under the Assembly's Home Mission Committee, and they number only five—Hazard, Mrs. Syron's two at Viper and Hamdin, Blackey and Whitesburg. Blackey is the only church bell which calls the people to preaching service between Hazard and Whitesburg, and the work there is the only work done by an



Preacher.





Bridge across Canoe, from Mission. Canoe Creek doesn't look dangerous here, but just wait till she's "riz."

evangelical church within a radius of twenty-five miles. We are apt to take our mountain work rather for granted, and fail to realize the really big work that is done in the mountains by the Southern Presbyterian Church, and that it is a far greater work than any other denomination is attempting, but it is being done without an adequate equipment, and the progress is retarded because of it. It is a shame, for instance, that the little organization at Blackey is without a building and must use the school chapel.

The new site for the school at Blackey is a most beautiful one. It is high, level, with a wonderful view, and affords ample space for playground, school building and dormitories, and a garden. Only the school building is being erected now. It is to be a substantial brick building, but until dormitories are built on the new site the work cannot develop as it should. However, it will serve three mining camps which are within half a mile of it, and its opportunities seem limitless. The new dormitories are imperative, as is a church building in Blackey.

It is a real sin of omission for such workers as we have to be compelled to labor without the proper tools, and we may be sure that the sin is going to be laid at the door of an indifferent Church, if the means are not forthcoming.

Leaving Blackey Monday morning, the trip down the railroad commenced, with a stop at Quicksand for dinner with Rev.

and Mrs. H. L. Cockerham. Mr. Cockerham is of the mountains and has been for years a successful pastor in a delightful "Blue Grass" church. That they have left it to go into the mountains and into a desolate, squalid saw-mill camp speaks for itself. Mr. Cockerham is not only pastor of the camp church, an adequate and lovely little building, which with the manse are two of the dozen attractive places in the entire camp, but has seventeen preaching points back up the creeks and in the coves, to which Nellie, his pretty missionary horse, carries him faithfully through the hills. How the faithful dumb friends do serve to make life endurable and easier for our workers!

After dinner the trip down to Oakdale, the railroad station for Highland, took only a short time, and here I experienced my first "muleback" ride, on Mat, a little brown mule that could trot easier than most horses can pace, over the three and a half miles to Highland. Here school was running full speed ahead, all rooms taken in the girls' dormitory, and all the teachers hard at work. It would be hard to catalog all the impressions received at this, the best known of our schools and the oldest. As the school is the property of the Church, it may perhaps not be so very unbecoming to say that we have failed to equip the dormitory with the necessary silver and dishes, and that it was hard for the girls who served to find necessary number of glasses, cups and saucers and spoons. With so many in the boarding department, of course dishes will get broken, and it would be hard to overstock them with cups and saucers, glasses and plates. A word to the wise should be sufficient.

Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Brandenburg are the new workers here, Mr. Brandenburg as principal of the school and Mrs. Brandenburg as matron. As Highland is miles and miles from a doctor, it also follows that Mrs. Brandenburg is the school doctor. She needs simple medicines, gauze, bandages, and clean old muslin quite as much as does Mrs. Turner. and one or two hot-water bottles would

not come amiss. For other needs, see her article.

The teachers' prayer meeting the next morning immediately after breakfast, shows the source of the wonderful spirit displayed by all the faculty, a simple little heartfelt prayer circle where the individual pupils are brought to the throne of grace, and where the needs of the school are laid before the Head of it.

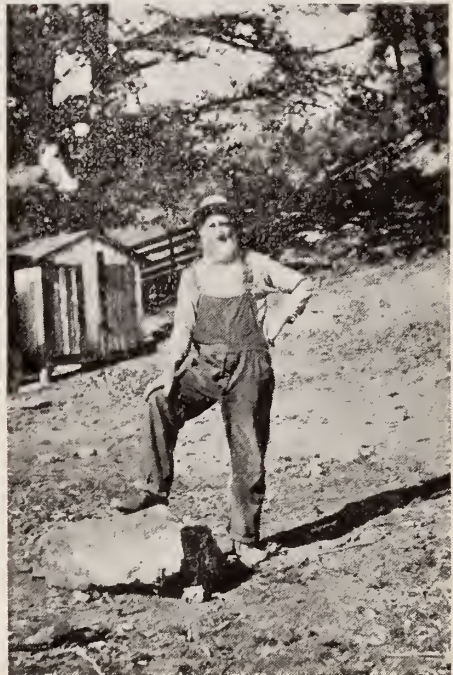
Back of all the work of the school one senses the guiding hand of Rev. W. B. Guerrant, superintendent of the work and pastor of the church, who is most enthusiastic about the prospect for the work and who says that he has the finest faculty Highland has ever had, which is a very real compliment when we consider the workers who have been there.

In everything that has been written about Highland we have heard of Mr. and Mrs. Wells, and in the past few years of Mr. Guerrant and his work, but one of the silent workers in the background is seldom mentioned. Yet it is to Mrs. Guerrant that the people come from miles around for medicines and help, to have wounds bandaged and sores cleansed, or for help in their perplexities. It was to Mrs. Guerrant that the mother sent that Tuesday morning to come and see her sick child, and it was Mrs. Guerrant, who had herself been sick in bed for two days, who walked the three-quarters of a mountain mile, over the mountain, in the broiling sun, to visit a little two-room cabin, windowless but clean, to prescribe for the two sick children, and to have a little chat with the mother, a word of Scripture, and a simple, earnest prayer that God would come to dwell in that home and make of it a real temple on earth. Mrs. Guerrant, too, needs medicines and

bandages, and simple supplies of all kinds.

Readers, if you want to get a new conception of consecration to service, of fortitude and endurance, go to the mountains and see something of the mountain work. You will come away humbled, realizing that our workers have found something which you have lacked, determined to do all that in you lies to back them up in their efforts; and you will be proud of the work that is being done, proud that you have had some small share in doing it, and will resolve that hereafter your share will be larger.

*Atlanta, Ga.*



A veteran of the mountains.

## HOW'S THIS FOR A WEEKLY PROGRAM?



Rev. and Mrs. F. H. Christie and Family.

**M**OST of us think we are busy, but would we want to change places with Rev. and Mrs. F. W. Christie, working in the Paint Creek field in Kanawha Presbytery, West Virginia? Here is their schedule:

Four Weekly Bible Classes, with an average attendance of eighteen each.

Four Weekly Boys' and Girls' Clubs, with an average attendance of fifteen each night.

Three Sunday schools, with an average attendance of forty each.

Five Preaching Points.

During eighteen months the field had

eight revivals, Mr. Christie doing his own preaching in six of the meetings. The visible results of the meetings were one hundred and fifty-six conversions and reconsecrations, and eighty-five additions to the Presbyterian church.

A church has been organized, known as the Paint Creek Presbyterian church.

As Mr. Christie concisely and forcefully remarks, "While the people in the coal camps are migratory, this is a work we cannot neglect, if we are to obey the definite command, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.'"

## FIRST CREEK.

ROSE MARTIN WELLS.

**F**IRST CREEK is one of the rich coal fields of Eastern Kentucky situated near Hazard. Bonnyman is the name of the post-office for the Liberty, Crawford and other coal companies. The community and religious work is made not only possible, but successful, through the splendid spirit and co-operation of the Liberty Company and a number of

earnest Christians in both camps. The Sunday school varies in attendance from about sixty under the most unfavorable circumstances, to one hundred and twenty-five or more. In this number are always included the entire office and commissary force of the Liberty Company, and from both companies come many of the most faithful workers.



The collections average about \$200 per year. From these collections we have during the past eight months, which mark the existence of the school, paid for a liberal line of Sunday-school supplies, bought song books and defrayed the expenses of the community socials which so far have included only attendants of the Sunday school. The Sunday school and day school are in a campaign during the month of September to raise \$150 or more for the new building of the Kentucky Children's Home.

In the first two weeks following their appearance at Jackson, the Loyal Daughters raised \$10 for this fund by selling home-made candy at the picture show.

We also have a Sunday night service, which is mostly a service of song with a short talk by Mr. Wells. Quite a num-

ber of men, whom the Sunday school does not reach, come in to this service.

We have one hundred and fifty students in the day school. We have as our primary teacher Miss Lily McDaniel, who graduated at Highland, class of 1919, and afterwards took a course at a Virginia Normal School. She is not only highly successful as a day school teacher, but is proving invaluable in the religious and community work. Another Highland girl, Miss Mae Turner, is doing splendid work in a public school near us. She found many of her pupils very ignorant in a knowledge of the Saviour and all religious things. She is giving them religious instruction as opportunity affords and has determined to place a Bible in every home in her district.

*Bonnyman, Ky.*

## HOW OBSERVE HOME MISSION WEEK?

**H**OME MISSION WEEK in November, and the Week of Prayer and Self-Denial for Foreign Missions in February, have come to play an interesting and important part in the missionary life of the Church.

The "together" feature is one which carries a real influence. The fact that all over the Church, in fact, all over the country, women are studying Home Missions and Home Mission problems, adds interest to your study of this cause, and the value of the intensive, concentrated prayer cannot be estimated.

When Home Mission Week was first proposed and set in motion, very "cut and dried" programs were issued by the Council of Women for Home Missions, but it was soon found that women refused to conform to any such program, and each society preferred to be a law unto itself in the observance of this occasion. Some want daily meetings and a program for each day. Others prefer to have one large rally meeting in the interests of Home Missions, making this the big Home Mission event of the year and reaching a large number of women.

The observance of Home Mission Week

in Atlanta in November, 1919, was interesting in its variety of form, so far as the Presbyterian churches were concerned.

The First church had an all day meeting, with speakers on the various departments of Home Missions. Central church had a day of pageants. One member was assigned the task of staging a Mountain Mission pageant, one something on the Foreign Work, one had Ministerial Relief—which thus profited from Home Mission Week. There was a discussion between a Secretary of Literature seeking to "cry her wares" and the uninterested woman in the home, all making a very bright and varied day.

West End church's society chose to spend the day in a discussion of "Christianizing Christendom," led in their study by Dr. R. F. Kirkpatrick, their pastor. Pryor Street church also had an all day meeting, studying Home Missions.

On the other hand, Westminster church society had a meeting every afternoon during the week, devoting each afternoon to the study of one special phase of Home Mission work. The picture shows a group of the women on the afternoon they studied the negro work.



Group at Home Mission Week Prayer-Meeting at Westminster Church, Atlanta.

The colored woman is Mary Mathews, the delegate sent by the society to the Colored Women's Conference at Tuscaloosa, in September, who on that afternoon presented her report to the society.

Surely one of these plans will suit your society. It matters not so much what plan you adopt, as that you adopt a real plan and make your observance of Home Mission Week a time of education and stimulation, as well as of giving to the most important cause for which gifts are asked this year.

A program will be supplied without charge, as usual, by the Home Mission office, this year on the Indian mission work; and there will of course be programs prepared by the Council of Women for Home Missions, which are sold practically at cost. Mrs. Osgood's "Suggestions to Leaders" on "The Church and the Community" has suggestions for special programs, if you prefer to make the observance your Mission Study Class.

An interesting program would be the study of the Indian Mission Work, in an all-day meeting, using Mrs. Bella McCallum Gibbons' "Work Among the Indians," a Lesson on Indian Missions, which can be obtained without charge from the Home Mission office, and the program on that subject.

These with sketches of the lives of some of the great Indian missionaries—John Eliot, David Brainerd, Sheldon Jackson, Marcus Whitman—would make an interesting and instructive day.

Above all things, OBSERVE HOME MISSION WEEK.

### HAVE YOU ANY OF THESE?

Who wants to supply—

Gauze, old muslin, bandages, medicines, at Levi, Ky., Miss Rubie Ray; Canoe, Ky., Mrs. Patsy Bratton Turner; Guerrant, Ky., Mrs. W. B. Guerrant, Mrs. D. T. Brandenburg.

Sewing supplies, thimbles, needles,

thread, sewing machine, at Stuart Robinson, Miss Emma Bartholomew, Blackey, Ky.; Highland School, Guerrant, Ky., Mrs. D. T. Brandenburg.

A fountain pen, lost and never recovered, along with suit-case and clothing, Miss Irene Saucier, Wilmore, Ky.

### OUR SPICE BOX.

Our Church honored by being given what invitation?

Another great opportunity is?

More Christ in ——— than in ———?

What *does not* and what *does* make mental giants?

Where is the state of Little Back Creek and who lives there?

It's a mystery to us too, how she did it. What?

What can you name that Highland doesn't

need, except good workers with which she is at present supplied?

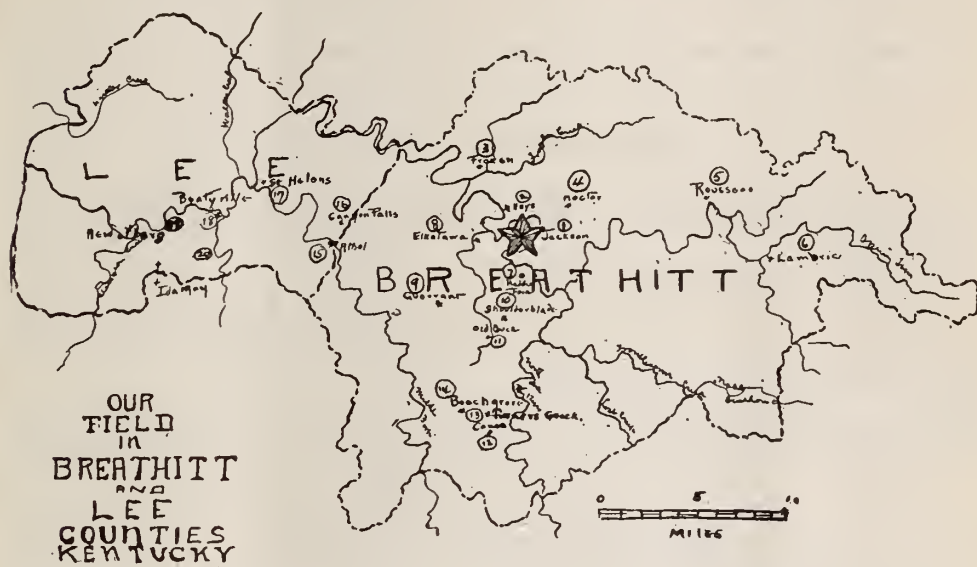
We dare not neglect what, if ———?

Rapid transit in the mountains, even on a train, isn't always rapid. Prove the statement.

Variety seems to be the spice of what? Five thousand people and not a single organized church. Where?

How is Highland serving the mountains, outside her own community?





## SENIOR HOME MISSION PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER, 1920

Prepared by Eleanora Andrews Berry.

### A STUDY OF THE APPALACHIAN MOUNTAINS.

1. Hymn—The Son of God Goes Forth to War.
2. Scripture, Matt. 28:16; Mark 16:15; Luke 24:46-49; John 21:15-17; Acts 1-8.
3. Prayer—That the mountains may become centers of righteousness and the mountain people a real power in the advancement of the kingdom.
4. Reading—Commissioned.
5. Mountain Peaks of Need.
6. The Valley of Opportunity.
7. Mountain Peaks of Progress.
8. Prayer—For the workers in the mountains, that their health may be preserved and that the work may not be interrupted this year, by epidemics or other sickness.
9. Exercise, The Little Maids of the Mines.
10. Transaction of Business.
11. Prayer—For God's blessing upon all our mountain work, that this may be the year of greatest progress, that the new buildings may be the means of widening its usefulness, and that the funds for the other sadly needed buildings may be supplied by an aroused Church.
12. Hymn—The Cross is Not Greater Than His Grace.

#### NOTES:

- Get a Rand McNally Map of Kentucky, and trace on the blackboard the counties of Lee, Owsley, Breathitt, Perry and Letcher, putting in all the creeks which are marked, also our stations, so far as you can locate them, using map in SURVEY for a help. If you cannot secure the map in your town, they may be had for 35c. from the Literature Department, 1522 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga.
5. See particularly article in the Soul Winner for September-October, to be ordered from Literature Department, no charge.
  6. The North Fork of Kentucky River. See "First Creek," and Snapshots of the Mountain Work.
  7. Canoe, Highland, Stuart Robinson—see articles about them.
  9. This would make a splendid exercise in the Sunday school, for the Home Mission month. Try to have it given by one of the classes and repeat before the society.

# THE JUNIORS

## TEN LITTLE DUTIES.

Ten little duties! Does no good to whine;  
Skip about and do one, then there are nine.

Nine little duties—it never pays to wait;  
Do one quick, and—presto—there are only eight.

Eight little duties, might have been eleven;  
One done in no time, leaving only seven.

Seven little duties; 'tisn't such a fix;  
Do one more, and—bless me!—there are only six.

Three little duties; like a soldier true,  
Meet them and vanquish one; then there'll be but two.

Two little duties between you and fun;  
In just a minute longer there'll be only one!

One little duty; now what will you do?  
Do it! why, surely; now you are through!

—*Exchange.*

Six little duties, sure as I'm alive!  
Never mind, one's over; now there are but five.

Five little duties, knocking at your door!  
Lead one off to Doneland, that leaves only four.

Four little duties, plain as plain can be!  
Can't be shirked—one's over—leaving only three.

## THE LITTLE MAIDS OF THE MINES.

ROSE MARTIN WELLS.

(This was one of the most attractive features of the Jackson Conference. Written by Mrs. Wells, and given by the very little maids, it made a forceful appeal for Christian work in the camps, which are so largely neglected by all denominations.)

*The Maids:* Annie, Flossie, Mabel, Edith, Tilda, Gladys, Belle, Alice, Lena and Ruth, daughters of miners and members of the Loyal Daughters' class, Community Sunday school, Bonnyman, Ky.

All: We are all little maids from the First Creek mines. How do you like our looks?

Annie: We thought we would come down here and tell you folks something about us. But first, let us introduce our-

selves. My name is Annie and my daddy is mine boss at the Liberty mine.

Alice: And I am Alice. My daddy loads coal at the Liberty mine.

Belle: So does mine. I am Belle.

Edith: Mine does, too. My name is Edith.

(Lena and Ruth step forward.)

Lena: We are two little sisters named Lena and Ruth. Far away in sunny Tennessee our dear father was superintendent of a coal mine. He was also superintendent of a Sunday school. Since father is no longer with us, we have two brave young brothers who take his place.

Ruth: While we sleep, one of them runs the cutting machine all through the night, getting the coal ready for the men

the next day. The other one runs one of the electric motors which pull out the coal cars. It is very dangerous, and must be done by some one who is small and quick.

Tilda: My name is Tilda, and I am not going to let you forget the Crawford mine, where my daddy works.

Mabel: No, nor mine either. I am Mabel, you know.

Gladys: My father works at the Crawford mine, too.

Flossie: Last, but I'm not going to be left out. My name is Flossie, and I think my father has the most dangerous work of all. It is his duty to look after law and order in these First Creek camps, and he often has to risk his life in carrying out his duties.

Annie: Perhaps you would like to know just what kind of folks live on First Creek. I was born in Alabama of English parents.

Mabel: I was born in Kentucky.

Belle: So was I.

Alice: I was born in Tennessee.

Tilda: And I as well.

Lena: My parents are also English parents, but I, too, was born in Alabama.

Flossie: I am another Kentuckian.

Gladys: So am I.

Edith: Here you see another Tennessean.

Ruth: I'm a little Tennessean, too.

Annie: We come to you as the daughters of men engaged in one of the most useful and necessary industries. Without coal, life and progress on our globe would be impossible. Yet those who sit by pleasant firesides or feed the furnaces which are behind the power which turns all the wheels of progress, seldom think how this coal is made ready for use. *But we know.* Each morning we see our fathers and brothers leave for the mines. All day they work in the long, dark tunnels, where they cannot stand up straight, in dense darkness, taking from the veins of the earth that which is to make light and warmth and brightness for the whole world. When they come out they are very black and dirty, but you must just guess they look better to us than any other daddies in the world.

Flossie: You would think that men whose labors are so absolutely necessary to the welfare of the world would not be neglected, they or their children, by either the Church or the State. But up to the present, unless the coal companies make some effort to provide religious and educational advantages for their employees, they have little of either.

On First Creek we have seven mines and about 5,000 people. There is not a single organized, orthodox church on the creek. Of course, quite a number of the people belonged to various churches back in the places they lived before they moved here. But if any one on First Creek wanted to join church, he would have to go off somewhere else to do it. Practically none of the children or younger folks have ever had any opportunity to be connected with any church.

Mabel: For several years there have been a community Sunday school and a Y. M. C. A. at Blue Diamond. (Note: This is an older mine and the first community centre.) But the Liberty and Crawford mines are newer and for more than two years folks lived here and never had *anything*. There were neither Sunday school nor day school. Last January both of these things came to us. It was the coal companies, though, who built the community house, secured and paid the workers who brought us these things. We are very proud of our Sunday school. Of course, here as everywhere, there are many people who do not appreciate religious advantages and never attend Sunday school. We have, however, a goodly number of the most substantial people, who are always faithful.

Edith: We have six departments—men's, ladies, young ladies, junior girls, junior boys and primary. All the classes are named and are at least partly organized. The men's class generally has the largest attendance, with the exception of the primary, though very often now the Loyal Daughters are ahead.

Belle: All the classes meet every Sunday at 10:30 for a song service and to study the lesson. We have class meetings through the week and sometimes go on picnics. The adult classes had a very

interesting social not long since, which was the first time in the history of the camp that anything had taken place where the people could get together in a social way.

Gladys: Why, Belle, you mustn't forget to tell about the social we children had week before last. It was for the three younger classes—the Sunbeams, the Good Scouts and the Loyal Daughters. The chairs were put back in the auditorium and we played games to our hearts' content. Then we had all the ice cream we could eat. So it was that the Sunday school brought us the nicest time we have ever had.

Tilda: The Bonnyman community Sunday school cannot take the place of a church. Yet it is a great help to our community. It serves to keep alive the spiritual life of many who have previously been Christians in their own homes, to bring conviction to some who have hitherto been thoughtless, and above all, the children are being properly taught.

All unite in singing "Hark, 'Tis the Shepherd's Voice I Hear," with Annie at the piano.

*First Creek.*

## JUNIOR HOME MISSION PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER, 1920.

Prepared by Eleanora Andrews Berry.

### A GEOGRAPHY LESSON.

1. Hymn—Children's Missionary Hymn, 148, Assembly Songs.
2. Prayer—That the children in our Mountain Missions may be trained to become strong men and women, helping to bring the gospel to the mountains.
3. Scripture, Isaiah 11:1-9.
4. The Lesson.
  - What State do we study about to-day?
  - What three counties of this State do we study?
  - What river runs through these counties?
  - Name some of the creeks in these counties.
  - Why are creeks in the mountains so important?
  - Why are we especially interested in Canoe?
  - Puncheon?
  - Quicksand?
  - In what county is First Creek?
  - What is the largest creek in Letcher?
  - What school did Dr. Guerrant always call "The College on the Rockhouse?"
  - What can our Society do to help some of these places?
5. The Little Maids of the Mines.
6. Prayer—For a blessing on our mountain

work, and that we may do all in our power by giving, studying, and praying, for it.

Hymn—Somebody Needs You, 52, Assembly Songs.

### NOTES:

Send to Literature Department, 1522 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga., for free leaflets and map. Also secure a Rand McNally pocket map of Kentucky from your dealer, or from Literature Department, 1522 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga., 35c. Draw on black-board counties of Lee, Owsley, Breathitt, Perry and Letcher, putting in all creeks you can locate, using also map in this issue, and locating stations. Point out Heidelberg and Beattyville in Lee and Levi in Owsley counties, as mission stations. If First Creek is not shown, it extends in Perry county from Typo to Harveyton. Bonnyman is between Blue Diamond and Hayslen.

The answers to all the questions can be found in articles in this issue, especially Miss Saucier's article, and "Snapshots of the Mountain Work," but further information can be secured from leaflets.

5. Have this given by some of the girls.



## DO SOMETHING FOR SOMEBODY.

Are you almost disgusted with life, little man?

I will tell you a wonderful trick  
That will bring you contentment if any-  
thing can;

Do something for somebody quick!

Are you awfully tired of play, little girl?  
Weary, discouraged, and sick?

I'll tell you the loveliest game in the  
world;

Do something for somebody quick!

Though it rains like the rains of the flood,  
little man,

And the clouds are forbidding and  
thick,

You can make the sun shine in your soul,  
little man,

Do something for somebody quick!

Though the skies are like brass overhead,  
little girl,

And the wall like a well-heated brick;  
And all earthly affairs in a terrible whirl,

Do something for somebody quick!

—*Selected.*

## TWO FOURTHS OF JULY IN ONE YEAR.

My Dear Son:

I wish to tell you a few things about  
a sea voyage and some of the wonders of  
the deep.

First, remember that most people get  
seasick the first day or two, this being  
due to several combined motions of the  
ship that causes a disturbed condition of  
one's equilibrium, though just exactly why  
we don't know. Usually this is over by the  
third day out for most people, though  
some are sick for the entire journey.

Now to my mind the most wonderful  
thing on the ship is the wireless tele-  
graphic apparatus and what it can do.  
The other night the operator allowed me  
to hold the receiver while he was busy  
at something else. Once I was listening  
to a message from Germany—just 12,000  
miles away. Then again I could hear  
three distinct sounds, one from San Fran-  
cisco, another Honolulu and the third  
much closer and clearer was a passing  
ship within three or four hundred miles.  
While out here in the midst of the ocean  
I have just sent a telegram to my father  
stating when I am to arrive. Now a  
strange thing is that I sent the message  
on Friday afternoon and he will receive  
it on Thursday, the day before it was

sent, according to the calendar, though as  
a matter of fact, of course, it was re-  
ceived afterwards. It's this way—the day  
for the world begins at the 180 meridian  
out in the middle of the Pacific, and at  
6 A. M. out here it's 6 P. M. the evening  
before over on the other side, and it takes  
the sun twelve hours to pass around to  
make morning of the same day on the  
other side the earth. Going home we have  
had two Fourths of July. Did you ever  
hear of two Fourths of July in one year?

This is because we are going in the oppo-  
site directions of the sun and this makes  
it necessary for the day to be repeated.  
Going west the boats always skip a day  
and very often this is Sunday, as many  
of the boatmen do not just like Sunday,  
and it's the one picked out to skip,  
though it's usually the day the boat passes  
over the 180 meridian that the day is  
skipped, or the day we strike the 180  
meridian.

Even though we were 2,000 miles from  
the American shores, the birds were to be  
seen every day. Of course, more birds  
when we were nearer the land. These  
birds are mostly sea gulls and wonderful  
flyers, many following the ship against  
the wind at a fast speed and apparently

never getting tired. They feed upon the food thrown from the ship, also some on fish, etc.

Every evening after eating supper we go up to the front of the ship to watch the little fishes flying from in front of the ship. It's most interesting to see these little fish, about ten or twelve inches long, rise from the water and fly a hundred yards or so. These fish can be seen most any time. This is their means of escape from other large fish, that is, to rise and get out of the water. However, they are not always safe then, for a sea-hawk often dashes down upon them at this time.

Yesterday when we were about 2,000 miles from the Japanese coasts I said to a lady, we are just about a mile from land. She was very excited for a moment and wanted to be shown the land. I told her it was less than a mile to land straight down into the sea.

Now a big ship like this is like a little city all to itself. It has its own government and city regulations. There are 800 people on board, and of many nationalities. There are street cleaners at work keeping the streets in good shape. There are electric lights in every place and thousands of them. There are men in the carpenter shops, machine shops and various other places busy keeping things in repair, also one painting all the time and on one voyage a ship is often painted from one end to the other. The great engines usually do not stop for one moment on the entire voyage, and this is a wonderful thing how a great machine like this will keep going for so long, often ten or fifteen days. There are sixty men feeding coal into the boilers and it takes about 100 tons or 200,000 pounds of coal a day to keep the boat going. And this is not one of the great liners, either.

### WHAT I SAW IN HONOLULU.

My Dear Little Girl:

We had a very fine day when the "Nilea" spent a day at Honolulu, and I shall try and tell you a little of what I saw there.

Now pineapples do not grow on big trees, as I once thought, but on a small bush about two feet high. We took a ride ninety miles around the island, and for miles and miles one could see only pineapples growing, far into the distant hills. The rows are about two feet apart and each stalk touching about like a tomato stalk. One pineapple grows right in the top of the bush and after this is cut another grows in its place. As we passed along a man gave us some of the apples and one weighed eleven pounds, it was very sweet and juicy and better than any I had ever tasted. Last year over six million cases of pineapples were exported.

The first and greatest crop there is the sugar cane and the cane crop reminds one of the great wheat fields of America,

and you see them for miles and miles as you pass along the beautiful roads through the country. Big steam plows are used to break the soil, then trenches are made and in these stalks of the kane are planted or just placed in the trench and covered with dirt, no seed being used, as is the case with sorghum cane in the South. These rows are so placed that water will flow downwards and ever so far there is an irrigation ditch to take the water. After the plant gets so high it takes much water to make it grow well. It rains almost every day there, but even this is not enough water, and so these trenches are filled and thus irrigated. The cane grows until about fourteen months it is cut, though the best sugar is made from cane that has grown and stood for two years. At this time the cane fields are set fire and the leaves are burned off, then the stalk is cut, is placed on wagons and the mules pull it to the railroad, which runs through most all the large plantations.

It is loaded on the cars and soon an engine comes along and hauls it to the mills. Here it is put through big mills which mash the juice from the cane. This is boiled until it is like candy, then boiled until it turns to sugar. This is brown sugar, which is put in sacks and sent to America, where it is refined and made into white sugar. There are six big sugar mills on the Honolulu Island. The climate in Hawaii is most interesting, as it never gets very cold or very hot. It is practically summer there all the time. It seems to rain most every day and even while the sun shines a heavy shower will come and then soon over. This constant showering and bright sunshine makes everything grow in a most wonderful way.

The chief diet of the natives is poi poi,

a root from a plant like elephant's ear plant. This is mashed up and is like soft mashed sweet potatoes. I did not like the taste of it.

We saw bananas growing in many places and it grows on a tree in great bunches, the free end of the banana pointing up. If this tree is cut down a new tree shoots up again in about six months and the banana begins and is matured in about a year.

There is an active volcano on Hawaii Island, and this is the most wonderful thing of all. A native said to me, "You don't have to die to see the BAD place, for we have it right here." You go up the mountain and look down into this crater and see a large lake of liquid fire, most fearful to behold.

## JUNIOR FOREIGN MISSIONS PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER, 1920.

Arranged by Miss Margaret McNeilly.

### TOPIC—BRAZIL.

Song—All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Prayer of Thanksgiving.

Minutes.

Roll Call—Answer with a reason for Thanksgiving.

Business.

Collection Song.

Offering.

Scripture Reading—Psalm 138.

Prayer—For our work and workers in Brazil.

Recitation—Do Something for Somebody.

Song—Selected.

Letter—What I saw in Honolulu.

Letter—Two Fourths of July in one year.

Question—What do you know about Brazil?

Song—Throw Out the Life Line.

Close with the Lord's Prayer in concert.

### SUGGESTIONS:

We are sorry we have no article in the

Junior Department from Brazil. We were not able to get one, therefore we have had to use material on other countries.

Make this meeting a Thanksgiving one. Let the children tell some of the things they have and are thankful for that the children of Brazil haven't.

Refresh the children's memory on the history of one Brazil mission. Questions could be made out before the meeting and distributed.

Some of the older members of the Band could write an original paper on Brazil, bringing in its history, customs, religions, etc.

Items taken from the article, "Some Roman Catholic Processions," appearing in the body of THE SURVEY will be found interesting.

Pray earnestly for more workers to be sent to this field.



# FOREIGN MISSIONS

Box 330,

REV. S. H. CHESTER, D. D., EDITOR

NASHVILLE, TENN.

## SAMARIA AND THE PROPHET'S CAKE.

REV. GEO. E. HENDERLITE.

THERE is a wonderful parallel between the United States after war was declared and the evangelical churches at the present time.

Before the war the government expected its citizens to obey the laws of the land: each family to do the best for itself, educate their children, invest money for the future, develop all natural resources, maintain sanitary regulations and just go growing in riches and culture and health.

But when war broke out many things changed. Young men who were in college, expecting soon to graduate and settle down in the professions, went into training camps, and from there to the trenches. Relatives and friends made no protest, but rather encouraged them, knowing even that some were going out to die.

Surplus capital, instead of going for more farms and new homes, instead of being stored away in banks and invested in securities, went into Liberty Bonds and for Red Cross work.

Men who received salaries of \$10,000 to \$100,000 voluntarily offered to serve the government for one dollar a year.

During the war period the government had before it one aim, one ideal, and that was to win the war. Every loyal citizen worked and prayed for that end.

The Christian Church in these last days seems to have realized that she, too, is in a state of war; has waked up to the fact that she is expected to evangelize the world.

War was declared long ago, even when our risen Lord said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every crea-

ture"; but it is just lately that the Christian denominations of America have surveyed the fields and begun the campaign in earnest—even the evangelization of the world in our generation.

Should we not as heavenly citizens do as much, *mutatis mutandi*, for the Lord Christ as we did for our civil rulers?

Should it not be a glory for our young men and women to go from the Christian colleges into the different church training camps, and then into the trenches, both at home and abroad? Should not our money—every cent of it having been given us by the Lord—be at the disposal of those whom he has placed on the executive committees of his church?

Should not every loyal church member make every sacrifice and seek every means of helping to make our campaign a success?

Satan is organizing his forces as never before, and threatening to destroy everything we hold dear. Some one at the last General Assembly said that Washington City was now, because of spiritism and other isms, a missionary field! If this be true of that city, where is gathered the flower of our civilization and culture, then indeed we are threatened with an invasion worse than that of Belgium and Northern France.

It is time that our Church realized that it is war and that our enemies have for a leader an arch-angel who is called "the god of this age," "an angel of light," and "a minister of righteousness." A being next to God in power and might and who has millions of intelligent spirits under his control.



Yes, it is war, but, *with our Leader*, with millions of intelligent men and women having the Third Person of the Trinity here with them to organize and discipline and teach them by the written word, *the victory is ours*.

Second. Seeing that we are realizing that it is a state of war, and are coming together more and more for the great defensive and offensive campaign, would it not be well to note the order of procedure that our Commander-in-Chief has given to the Christian soldiers: "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in all Judea and in Samaria and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

The order then would be: First, Jerusalem or the local church where you live; then all Judea would be Home Missions; then Samaria, which is part of Palestine, but whose people were different in every way from the Jews, would be Latin America.

I had the pleasure of hearing a man from Latin America—Dr. Almeida, one of our pastors from North Brazil—set forth in the First Presbyterian church in Bristol the wonderful parallel between Samaria and Latin America.

Latin America is part of America, like Samaria is part of Palestine. Its peoples, though, are a mongrel mixture: peoples from Europe and Africa that mixed with the Indian tribes; just like the different peoples that the king of Assyria brought to Canaan mixed with the remnants of the ten tribes.

The religion, too, of Samaria was a mixture. A corrupted Christianity adapted to the superstitions of paganism.

The worship of Jehovah was mixed with the idolatries of the heathen. They had part of the Scriptures, the Pentateuch; they honored Jehovah in their creeds; they, through fear of the lions, sought his priests to teach them the true worship, but each man did what was right in his own eyes. The consequence was superstition and gross immorality. The woman of Samaria, with five hus-

bands, could reverently discuss religion and maintain that the mountain near Jacob's well was the true place to worship Jehovah. In spite of her immoral life, she had enough influence in her city to bring out a great crowd to see if Jesus was the Christ.

In Latin America morality is divorced from religion, and the most religious beginning with the priests are the most immoral.

Again, Samaria had its Simon Magus, who "used sorcery and bewitched the people of Samaria, giving out that himself was some great one: to whom they all gave heed, from the least to the greatest saying: This man is the great power of God. And to him they had regard, because that of a long time he had bewitched them with sorceries."

So Latin America has her magicians by the hundred and by the thousand. Every priest in every community gives out that he is some great one. He can take a little flour and water and pronounce some words in Latin over it, and it becomes the body and blood, the soul and divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ as he is in heaven. All the people, from the least unto the greatest, take heed and believe that this priest is the great power of God. They kneel down and worship what he has made, and at his bidding burn our Bibles and stone our missionaries.

Then, again, Latin America, like Samaria of old, gives a hearty acceptance to the true gospel whenever and wherever it is preached.

And now I speak for Brazil, which is the part of Latin America that I know best.

Although the number of missionaries has been relatively few, we have a General Assembly and thousands of believers. A General Assembly composed of five Synods. Each Synod has a number of Presbyteries, and each Presbytery many churches with pastors, elders and deacons. One pastor has 1,400 members. We have a theological seminary as good as the best and a number of finely equipped schools. The Methodists and Baptists,

the Episcopalians and the Independents, also have well equipped theological and other schools, and thousands of members.

Besides this, there is not a higher critic or any one who denies the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures as far as we know in all Brazil. The believers *as a rule* give *more* than a tenth of their income, and suffer with joy every form of annoyance and persecution.

But with all this, South America, including Brazil, is still as some one denominated it: "the neglected continent."

So, then, as we are beginning again the campaign of evangelizing the world, let us, while sending the gospel to the ends of the earth, also remember the divine program and make this Samaria "the continent of opportunity."

Come now with me to North Brazil, which in a sense is as far removed from the prosperous work in Southern Brazil as it is from us here in the United States.

It is different in climate, customs and people.

Only one Church except our own has sent missionaries to this section—the Southern Baptist.

Never have we had on an average but four ordained missionaries in this great field.

It has nine States which correspond to our nine Southern States east of the Mississippi, and with about half their population.

It is this great neglected field that is calling to you to send your Philips and the gospel of salvation.

In the State of Para, which has more than half as many people as Virginia, we have not a single ordained preacher.

We have one good organized church and a number of preaching places, but not a preacher—native or foreign. Suppose the State of Virginia had no preacher of the gospel in it!!

The State west of it, larger than Kentucky, though with but half the population, has but one ordained preacher. Yes, only one, and there is a congregation in the far interior calling for a man and offering to give two-thirds of his support. Just think of it, and imagine it is your

Kentucky instead of Mannos, on the other side of the equator. (Part of Mannos, the part that is calling, is on this side—your side—of the equator.)

In the next State there are two men, one in the capital and another in the interior. And back of it is another whole State with only one man. Imagine that these two are *your* North Carolina and Tennessee, and that there are only three preachers in the two States.

Next, another great State and a number of churches and preaching places and only one preacher. And when I say only one I mean of any denomination.

Next to that, another State and only two ordained natives and one missionary. The next has only one preacher, though he is the best, or rather one of the best, that I ever heard.

And now we come to the great State of Pernambuco, called the "Lion of the North." Here is our Girls' School and our Theological School—we cannot call it a seminary, though they of the South, where the real seminary is, call our graduates down there to pastor their unoccupied fields.

The General Assembly also chose as their missionary to Portugal one of the graduates of our humble school.

We have in the State of Pernambuco five native men and two missionaries. The Baptists also have a college and theological school and a number of native men.

This is the center of our propaganda, where our printing office is, and where our church paper for North Brazil is printed, and the Sunday-school lessons and expositor for all Brazil.

And this brings me to the second part of my text: the prophet's cake.

You remember how in the days of the famine the prophet came to the widow who was gathering sticks to make a cake for herself and son, and told her to make his cake first. You remember that she did as requested, and *therefore* she and her son had cake to eat all through the famine. It is here in Pernambuco that Mr. Thompson and Miss Reed and Sr. Almeida, who has just taken a special

course in Union Seminary, and the writer of these lines are working to prepare preachers for all these States that we have just enumerated.

This is the prophet's cake to be made.  
We stand at your gate.

We know that it is a time of famine and of need at home.

Six years ago, when I went back to Brazil, I left this message with you in the pages of this magazine: the necessity of making *first* the prophet's cake. I asked you to give us some help to prepare these native boys for the ministry. I did not have the courage or the faith to ask for much.

The war was on. It was the policy of

our mission to cut down all foreign help and encourage native independence. But it was a mistake. Now that the Church has waked up; now that it has begun its work anew, I ask for more. Had I asked and received more you would be better off here at home and we would have more of our field evangelized. The principle is divine.

Our Lord repeats it in other words in the New Testament: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

You will not only be richer spiritually and have more blessings here at home, but you will be happier, stronger Christians *if you will make the Foreign missionaries' cake.*

A prophet at thy gate is standing,  
A prophet by God's Spirit led,  
He comes in need, of thee demanding  
Some water and a cake of bread.

A time of famine 'tis, thou pleadest,  
Of war, commotions, great turmoil;  
That for thyself and son thou needest,  
All that thou hast of meal and oil.

The prophet, though, continues pleading,  
Unjust he seems in his demands;  
No pity has, her need unheeding,  
Relentless at her gate he stands.

*In truth* he's sent for her salvation,  
More hers than his the need, the thirst,  
To give, not take, the explanation  
Of words so strange: "Make my cake  
first."

He but declares God's law of blessing,—  
Would we for home provisions make,  
We must obey his simple bidding,  
*We must make first the prophet's cake.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Six years ago you heard my message,  
All that I asked for Christ's dear sake;  
It touched your hearts, awoke your con-  
science,  
You went to work to make my cake.

And now again the prophet's standing,  
He comes again as once before,  
He's pleading still, again demanding—  
*Cake—cake—but now he asks for more.*

The one you made was sweet, nutritious,  
The slices, though (cut from it) few,  
Had you for me been more ambitious  
Your cake would be much larger, too.

Look around! Ail over the country!  
The vacant fields! Laborers none!  
Anarchy, strikes, and worse confusion,  
*All the evils under the sun.*

The need at home is as great as ever,  
Though war has gone, famine's still rife,  
Not one of bread, but now as never,  
The peoples need the bread of life.

The remedy? This law of the kingdom,  
'Tis—think first of the prophet's need,  
More blessed *giving* than *receiving*—  
These words of Christ we must—*must*  
heed.

The speaker is not cold and heartless,  
But as the prophet did of old,  
He brings to you a welcome message;  
A way to gain one hundred fold.

He brings a method for relieving  
The need so great, both here and there,  
A way to make the widow's little  
Enough for all and still to spare.

It is both certain and convincing,  
Also an easy one to take,  
Boldly I name it, without mincing,  
Make for us quick our student's cake.



## NEW ARRIVALS IN BRAZIL.

GENEVIEVE MARCHANT.

WE have recently had such an unusual number of distinguished visitors, and such an unusual amount of social life to entertain them while they were here, that I want to tell you about it while it is still fresh in my memory.

I wrote some of you about our meeting Miss Strand and Miss Breiner, two missionaries of the Northern Church who came out recently, while we were in Sao Paulo in vacation. Miss Breiner was appointed to a girls' school in the interior of Bahia, and Miss Strand was put in charge of the American school in S. Paulo. Miss Breiner was in S. Paulo only for language study, and when we heard that she was to go to Bahia in June, we invited the two to visit us before she left, for we knew that if she once was located in the interior of Bahia, she would never get this far south again. Unfortunately, she could not come, but Miss Strand came and spent her June vacation with us, and we enjoyed her very much. Our schools here at Lavras do not have mid-term vacations, so we had to keep up with our work even while we were trying to play, but we managed to get in a mission picnic, where we made a camp fire and had coffee and toasted Minas cheese; and two very pleasant Fourth of July parties, one at Mrs. Gammon's and one at the Girls' School. Mr. and Mrs. Sydenstricker were celebrating the first anniversary of their wedding about the time that our guest arrived, and they invited us all to celebrate with them, so that was another pleasant excuse for our having a good time together.

On the same day that Miss Strand arrived in Lavras, little Wilbur Hunnicutt made his first appearance in the Mission Circle, and while he failed to bring his trunk with him, we like him so well that we want him to remain as a permanent member of the mission.

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baker returned to Lavras, after an absence of nearly four years. Mrs. Baker

is a child of this mission, and Mr. Baker was a teacher in the gymnasio until he decided to go home and study for the ministry. He has finished his seminary course, and is back to begin active work as an evangelist in one of the largest fields in this Presbytery. Their coming was the cause of great rejoicing, not only to the mission, which has been praying for several years for re-enforcements in the evangelistic field, but to the Brazilian friends.

This Presbytery, which is nearly as large as the State of Texas, still has only six ordained ministers in it, one of whom, Dr. Gammon, gives most of his time to the school work, so we are looking forward eagerly to the arrival within the next few months of Mr. and Mrs. Augustine Davis to enter the evangelistic field. Mrs. Davis, too, is a daughter of this mission—Mary Elizabeth Gammon—and will return after more than twelve years. She is affectionately remembered as a little girl by many people in Lavras, and every time I go out visiting, friends ask about her, and wish for her return. The last mail brought news of the birth of her little daughter, Willie Gammon Davis, who will also be a welcome member of the East Brazil Mission.

We are looking forward happily to the arrival, too, of Mr. Davis' sister, Miss Mabel, who will come to help in the Domestic Science Department of the Girls' School.

But I started to tell you about the people who had already arrived, even though some of them tarried only a few days.

On July 14th there occurred a very important event in the history of our school work here at Lavras. It was the laying of the corner-stone of the Science Building, the first of the series of buildings which we hope to have some day for the Agricultural School. The money for this building is being given by the Federal Government of Brazil. The site chosen for the new agricultural buildings is a



hilltop just back of the gymnasio, commanding a fine view of the town and surrounding country. The guest of honor on this important occasion was Mr. Haerberle, Consul General of the United States in Brazil. It is such a comfort to know that our country's representative in the consular service here is a Christian man, actively interested in Christian missions, having at one time been associated with a mission school in Chile. Other guests were Mr. Russell and Mr. Burke, of the Department of Agriculture in the United States. There were several interesting speeches by Dr. Gammon, Mr. Hunnicutt, the Consul, and Brazilian friends. Dr. Gammon's opening words were the quotation from Psalm 127, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it," and he stressed the fact that the school in its enlarged sphere would continue to keep in view the ideal expressed in the words above the rostrum in the assembly hall of the gymnasio, "For the glory of God and the progress of humanity." Mr. Hunnicutt, too, in his speech, made it very clear that the ideals and purposes of the school would continue to be based upon the precepts of the gospel.

Under the capable leadership of Miss Glenn, accompanied by a cornet, the pupils of the schools sang the Brazilian national hymn, then because it was the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, which is observed here as a national holiday, they sang the Marsellaise in French, and concluded with "America" in English.

On the day following the laying of the corner-stone, arrived Senor Jose Bueno and his wife. Senor Bueno is a former student of our boys' school, who went several years ago to the United States to complete his studies, and there married the daughter of a Presbyterian minister. They have come now with the true missionary spirit to work among his people, and it is a great pleasure to us to have them with us in the work here.

Do you suppose that we are satisfied with visitors? Not a bit of it. Those

we have had have only increased our desire to have more. One of the finest pieces of news I have heard lately is of the possibility of a visit from Dr. and Mrs. Reavis. I am sure from Mrs. Gammon's expression when the letter was read that contained this news that she would have skipped with joy if she had not been at the breakfast table with little Richard in her arms (I think she jumped him up and down instead of doing it herself), and we all felt just the same way. I hereby promise each of you that you will receive a warm welcome whenever you choose to come down, and we will not only show you all the phases of this wonderful work that we are trying to carry on for you down here, but we will all get together and have an uproariously funny peanut race, as we did last Saturday at the Knights in honor of the Buenos, or something else equally amusing. And Mrs. Sydenstricker will recite for you, and Miss Glenn will sing, and we will all have a "real good time" together. Please cable at once that you are coming.

I am spending this week with Mrs. Hunnicutt, while Mr. Hunnicutt is off on a trip. You see it is not only in Columbia that I am a "watch dog." Now and then I have that privilege down here too. I am enjoying writing on Mr. Hunnicutt's beautiful typewriter, which is so much newer and "spiffier" (I picked up that word from the new missionaries) than mine that I can hardly stand it. I'm hoping that some of the Presbyterian Progressive Program money is going to get a new typewriter and adding machine for my work.

By way of closing: I have just heard that our pastor went to the girls' school to-day by request, to talk to about five girls who want to make public profession of their faith. Now if we can see a large number of our boys and girls take their stand for Christ and enter the visible church, our cup will be filled to overflowing.

## SOME ROMAN CATHOLIC PROCESSIONS.

ORA M. GLENN.

WHILE the band is playing out in the park or public garden here in front of the college, as it does on every Sunday and on holidays, I want to describe, as best I can, my first Holy Week in Brazil. This week has made me feel, as nothing else has, that I am living in a different country from the United States. Some people have been surprised when we Americans would say we never saw Catholic processions during Passion Week in the States. I have answered that the Catholic Church in this country has more than one custom that it does not follow at home.

To begin with, last Sunday, which was Palm Sunday, I happened to be the teacher on duty, so I took the girls on a walk in the afternoon up to the Couzeira. That is a large wooden cross placed on the highest spot in town, as it is in all towns; on it are fastened all the things that were used on the cross of Calvary,

such as the spear, the nails, etc. We saw tacked on the lower part of the cross two or three pieces of tin, on which were painted pictures of sick people. There was a promise written there also, promising to do some special deed if the sick person were restored to health.

Coming back we saw the procession as it passed by bearing branches of palm and banana trees. Along the street in places were planted branches of banana trees. I didn't see the image in that procession, but it is the image of Christ that is carried at that time. On Monday there was another procession, this time to place the images of Christ and of Mary in different parts of town, so that the next day there could be the procession of the meeting. Mary is supposed to be searching for her son, and finally she finds him when the two lines of people meet with the images. The band always accompanied the procession, and, until to-day, played music that was inexpressibly sad.

Thursday and Friday are the especial days. On Friday not a bell in the city was heard, the street car went along with hardly a noise, the train whistle couldn't be heard: to call people to mass a man went along the streets playing a "matraca," as it is called. It is a piece of wood with iron rings through it in such a manner that an awful noise can be made with it. The people in the procession that night carried candles; a great many wore black; the band played such dirge-like music.

Friday, however, was the day that impressed me most. The procession started about 9 o'clock at night, went up on the other side of the park from us, and did not pass by the college until about an hour later. There was an enormous crowd of people, the women walking on one side of the street and the men on the other, all with candles. Presently there came several little girls dressed as angels, and behind them John the Baptist, Abra-



Church in Limeira, Brazil, built by Rev. Alva Hardie, of West Brazil Mission.

ham, Isaac, bearing a little bundle of sticks on his shoulder, then Veronica, a character who stopped every once in a while in the procession, mounted a step-ladder and chanted a weird song. Next we saw something that made me sadder than all the rest of it put together. Several men were carrying a casket covered with flowers; inside the casket was the image of Christ, of which we could see only one hand which extended outside the casket. Behind came the image of Mary, a large figure wearing an embroidered blue cloak.

Early this morning I was wakened by the glad music of the band, as it went by with the procession of *madrugada*. Whether owing to the early hour or the fact that many people were worn out from the hall which lasted all night, the number of people was much smaller than in the other processions I saw.

On Saturday afternoon we heard lots of little boys yelling and skyrockets being shot off, so we looked out and saw Judas in effigy being carried along on a horse. They threw stones at him and finally burned him.

Where all these ideas began or how such customs ever came to be adopted by the Church is more than I have learned. We hear that this is the last year of processions, as the Pope has ordered them stopped, because the people have gotten so they behave so badly.

Every time I saw the crowds of people pass following the images it made me so sad I could hardly stand it. To compare the small number of true believers in Jesus Christ with that throng makes the situation seem discouraging, but it is in just such times that God's strength becomes perfect in our weakness. The number of Protestants in Brazil is growing, and the effects of their higher standards are being strongly felt.

We spent the week very happily. On Tuesday we had a festa for Dr. Gam-



Another church in the West Brazil Mission, built by Rev. Alva Hardie.

mon, as it was his birthday. He and his family left on Thursday to spend a few days with some good Brazilian friends near Lavras. Aunt Lottie and Mrs. Moore have been alone except when some of their many friends have been in to see them.

Here at the college we have played games and gone on *passeios*, just having a good time generally. I had hoped to get several visits made, but have done very little of it. One day some of us had a ride in Dr. Gammon's carriage out into the country. Beyond having the tongue break, no accident befell us, as the road was unusually good. The scenery was beautiful.

Our new piano will come to the college to-morrow, as it is already in the station. It will be an incentive to work all the harder on a concert which we want to give.

*Lavras, Brazil.*



## TEN TIMES ONE.

It is with profound consternation that we glance over this vast country of ours — Brazil. Religious ignorance, superstition and indifference constitute a dense vapor that involves the great majority of our countrymen.

However, thanks to God, the sound of the gospel is echoing in every part and arousing souls from spiritual lethargy. Our sadness is turned into joy as we see men breaking the chains that bind them to vice, worldliness and indifference. Beneath our anxious eyes extend a vast, whitening harvest of the Lord.

The harvest is great and the laborers few, said our Lord, and he could have added with equal certainty—some are a little lazy and careless. How sad! What a shame! Whilst workers of evil do not sleep, never cease their evil deeds, many Christian workers are nodding and asleep! Then when the tares appear, so flourishing, killing out the good wheat, we wonder why it is. We do not realize that whilst we were sleeping the enemy was at work! (Matt. 13:24, 30.) Fellow-workers, Christians, officers, women of the Church of Christ, hands to the work. Millions are perishing in dense darkness.

Now a word more, particularly to my fellow-workers in the ministry; actually they are so few! and what of the future! We see many ministers of the gospel bowed under the weight of their labors and years, with whitened locks from the cares of the churches.

Few, very few, young men, relatively, are enlisting in the ranks, aspiring to the ministry. What will become of the Church of the future? This is the question that torments us night and day.

To these vast fields, multiplying annually, our seminaries give an insignificant number of prepared men.

We need to care for the ministry of the future, the sons of our Church. Intelligent converted youth need to be awakened to this vocation.

Every Christian minister, seeing the end of his career approaching, should

make every possible effort to leave at least ten ministers prepared by himself for the Christian ministry.

If all would work to this end the future ministry of the Church would be guaranteed. For my part, I shall not rest until saying the words of Simon in Luke 2:29, when at least ten ministers are brought into the ministry under my directions. Ten to one at least should be the mark set by every minister of the gospel.

Now, with this goal set, we must not indistinctly open the doors to the ministry of the Church of Christ to all, although Christians, who are without divine inspiration. This would be a peril certainly as great as if the Church should remain without a ministry properly prepared.

Vocations, I believe, are appearing. Our duty is to direct them. Colleges and seminaries are appearing. The Lord of the harvest is opening the way, giving the men and furnishing the means. He exacts therefore that we do what is in our power.

Every church, or at least every group of these churches, should have a candidate studying for the ministry. However, there are many churches and perhaps some ministers that never think of this. Would that I were mistaken in this!

Our seminaries should give us annually from six to ten ministers, but the fact is that years pass without giving one. Who is to blame? The professors? The seminary? No! The fault is ours. We need to arouse the churches and awaken aspirations.

The workers are few, not because the Lord does not call them, but because they are not shown the way nor summoned into the great ripening harvest field.

May each one of us feel our responsibility and strive to procure at least ten men for this glorious work, upon which depends the future of the Church and true progress of Brazil. But what am I saying? *Ten for one* is few, too few,



when we think of the immense territory to be occupied.

Ten ministers to one is good, but *one hundred* to one is better and *one thousand* to one best of all. Why not take the highest for our goal. God is able to do more than this.

Let us have faith, let us work with

courage and love, and the Lord will do more than we can ask or think.

We long for and can obtain Brazil—the world for Christ!

REV. ANNEBAL NORA.

*Alto Jequitiba, Brazil.*

Trad. by K. B. Cowan. Published in the "*Puritano*," Rio de Janeiro.

## LETTER FROM REV. GEO. W. TAYLOR. JR.

Recife, Pernambuco, Brazil,

June 12, 1920.

Dear Home Folks:

You will be interested, I know, in hearing about a very interesting trip that I have just had into the interior. I say "interior," and we think of it as in the interior, but if you look at the map of Brazil it seems like a joke to use that term, for it then looks like you have not left the coast country.

The town which I visited is Garanhuns, a place of several thousand inhabitants, and it is 172 miles southwest of here. For about 130 miles the railroad goes almost south, then for the last part of the journey you go westward. The route might be compared with the Atlantic Coast Line Railway from Norfolk, Va., to Wilmington, N. C., and you might think of Garanhuns as being situated about 40 miles west of Selma, on the Greensboro line. You would not call this the "interior" of the United States certainly. Well, Brazil is a little larger than the United States, and this State is not very unlike the State of North Carolina in size and general shape. Garanhuns is more than three thousand feet above sea-level, and within one hour after we left Recife we went through our first tunnel, there being three on this particular route, so you can understand somewhat the topography of the country. As this is the rainy season, everything was beautifully green and fresh. The mountains resemble very much those of Western North Carolina, but more especially those of

Western Virginia, except these are not covered by the dense forests of beautiful trees, but with small bushes, cactus, grass, groves of coffee trees and cultivated fields. During the wet season the ground is very fertile and several crops are gathered, but during the dry season, the hills are barren and brown and dusty.

The Great Western—but don't think of one of our great transcontinental trunk lines, but rather, if you know it, of the Gainesville and North Western, which runs up to Nacoochee, Georgia—was an agreeable surprise to me, for it was far from uncomfortable and made its way up the crooked route, that would remind you of the Carolina, Clinchfield and Ohio, in remarkably good time, two engines being necessary most of the way. The road is narrow gauge, and the coaches have a double seat on one side of the aisle and a single on the other. I was very much interested in the people on board and was impressed with how like American is the Brazilian human nature and selfishness, as seen in selecting and spreading out in seats, in the rushing in at the last minute of a large sister with much luggage who slept as late as possible not to miss her train, and ousting men who had gotten up at four o'clock to be assured of a seat, and such amusing traits of character. At every station there were numbers of beggars, some blind or crippled, some disfigured by leprosy or some other of the many terrible diseases that are so prevalent here, others apparently in fairly good health, thrust their most loathsome parts through the window with the pitiful

whine that they all are so expert in. They are the more insistent because they feel that it is a favor they grant in giving you the opportunity to win merit before God by your charity—for such their church teaches.

When I got off the train at Garanhuns, Mr. Thompson, our missionary there, with whom I was to stay, met me at the station wearing an overcoat, and, although I had on a lightweight wool suit, I felt the need of a wrap also. This may surprise you, for I was surprised, too, to find it so cool anywhere in the tropics. That night we sat around in wraps, that is, all did but me and I was in a shiver. I slept under a sheet, a blanket, two quilts, and a spread, and that in a room without a single window and with the door closed. That is the Brazilian custom: the inside rooms have no windows and the only ventilation is through the tile roof, and this is the custom in the low hot sections as well as the high altitudes.

My visit to Garanhuns was in the interest of the educational work of our mission, and I was delighted to find such a fine school being run by Mr. and Mrs. Thompson. With no equipment in the way of property and furniture, except rented buildings and "dry-goods box" desks, more than 140 boys and girls are getting a far better education than the well financed native schools give, and they get the gospel, too, there.

One thing that I was especially interested in, for it was the first time I had seen them, was the old-time ox carts with solid wheels made of boards, and with a continual squeaking that can be heard for long distances. This noise continues all day, for these carts are the common means of drayage, and when it began to

get on my nerves, I asked if it could be stopped by a little greasing. I was told that it could be stopped much more easily than that, for the noise was made by a little attachment put on the wheels for the purpose, and that this could be removed instantly with ease, but that the drivers thought the noise made the oxen pull better, and so the old custom had prevailed. The ox is the plow-horse also up in that country.

All the time that I was up there in those beautiful hills, I was reminded of the Montreat country, both by the beautiful scenery, the delightful atmosphere, and the cool nights, and if all the tropics were as pleasant as that, no better climate could be wanted. But I was there in the most favorable season, when everything was green and fresh. During the dry season it is very dusty and not so cool, the hills are bare and parched, and the whole country suffers from thirst.

You may be sure that, however pleasant the trip might have been, I was delighted to get back home to my wife and baby. It may be that some of you friends that get this letter may never have heard of the arrival of our fine boy, George Aiken Taylor, on the 22nd of January. He has red hair and blue eyes and it goes without saying that he is the boss of this ranch.

Now I have told you something that I believe will interest you because it interested me, and we will expect you to write us about yourself and your doings, for you may be assured that we will be more than interested. Hoping that you will let us keep up with you by an occasional letter, and many good wishes, I am

As ever, most sincerely,

GEO. W. TAYLOR, JR.

Dr. Chester had hoped that he would be back at home from his European mission in time to prepare the November number of the Survey. But as he could get no returning ship before October, his coming will be delayed. So we have depended on other hands to prepare this number.

## A PATCH-WORK LETTER FROM MEXICO.

MRS. H. L. ROSS.

I AM on the train en route to Mexico City to submit the manuscript of a Primary Spanish Hymnal to the Cooperative Committee. The work of preparing this manuscript was done by an interdenominational committee, a long, tedious, but very pleasant task. The hymnal will mean much to us in our work with these dear music-loving little Mexicans.

I will have a long, lonely ride, reaching Mexico to-night (if nothing happens) and I will pass a part of the time writing you a patch-work letter, piecing into it various colored and shaped odds and ends of experiences. Getting off on the early morning train out of Zitacuaro is one of these. Lend me your imagination, friend, and I'll carry you with me through it. The train does not pull out until five o'clock, but the station is out of town and we must catch a mule-car, which leaves the central plaza at four o'clock. You may rush about at a mad rate to be "in point" as we say in Spanish, but it is very likely that the street car driver is disobeying Solomon and has turned over for a little more sleep and a little more slumber. If this is the case, when we despair of his getting us to the train on time, we will take a little turn around to his house, pound on his door, and tell him to "andeale," which, according to Dr. Skinner's interpretation, means "wiggly quick." He is obedient and we are soon jogging on our way. The car has no bell, which need is supplied by a tin horn, whose noise-making qualities would satisfy the most exacting young American, and as we pass the crossings the driver is guilty of the social offence of blowing his own horn. At the station the ticket agent is just opening the window. He, too, has overslept. He is a distinguished looking individual with classic, mobile features and humorous eyes. His iron-gray hair lies across his high, narrow forehead in a truly enviable marcel wave. On the

whole, he looks as if he should be playing leading man in a Shakespearean drama, and no doubt he missed his calling, for he does not seem to have notable talent for selling tickets. He knows personally most of his purchasers and accompanies his sales with genial remarks, meanwhile fumbling his tickets and counting his change leisurely as the great rocks grew. One traveler lacks a cent of having his fare, but the agent shrugs his shoulders in utter contempt of filthy lucre and says: "Give it to me when you come back." Oh, ye shades of a Chicago ticket agent! The train you enter is a narrow gauge and will look rather like a toy to you.

No missionary to Mexico has cut his wisdom teeth until he has passed through a revolution. The recent Obregon uprising came to a head while Mr. Ross was in Mexico City attending synod. On the third day of his absence Don Neptali Cejudo, a Bible agent and colonel in the army, came in to tell me that the long-gathering storm had burst and he thought I had best call Mr. Ross. This I did not like to do, as synod is naturally the clearing-house for the past twelve months as well as the starting point for the new fiscal year. I knew he could get better information in the city than I could in Zitacuaro and would come when it was necessary. So I decided to take the risk as the revolution was still a little distance from us.

He came on Wednesday and the following Saturday we were cut off from the world, face to face with that uncertain quantity, a Mexican revolution. We laid in a good supply of food and cheered ourselves with the thought of our thick adobe walls. If the town surrendered to the Obregonistas there would be no serious trouble; if there was resistance, there would be fighting in the streets, with the inevitable danger of having our doors or windows penetrated by stray bullets. At



night we slept in the room most retired from the street with our beds well out of line of the doors and windows. We were finally officially informed that the revolutionists were camped on the hills overlooking Zitacuaro and that our friend, Cejudo, was in command of them. This fact gave us confidence that everything would be done with as much peace and good order as circumstances would permit. After three days of treating with the town authorities they entered without the firing of a shot or the perpetration of a single disorderly action. The Roman Catholic bishop had been cut off in Zitacuaro and much anxiety was felt by his friends for his personal safety, as Obregon is out and out in its opposition to Catholicism. But Cejudo gave him protection and made everybody understand that no one's rights were to be violated. The only real inconvenience we suffered was a ten days' isolation. You can imagine our delight when we received our first mail.

It goes without saying that we were terribly shocked and grieved by the murder of Carranza, but it was some comfort that it had not been instigated nor was it approved by the new powers that be.

You would naturally like to ask of a missionary to Mexico, "Are you not discouraged by revolutions?" and I reply to you that we are disappointed, but not discouraged. There is a remedy which has never been tried out in Mexico; it is the only one which has ever been effective in such fatal maladies as she is suffering from. So while Carranza's sun rises and sets and Obregon's day dawns and darkens, let us keep busy applying this remedy. When the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ covers Mexico as the waters cover the sea and it fails to do for her what it has done for you and me personally and for our country as a nation, then I will be discouraged.

One of the events of our ten days' isolation was a visit from the Silva congregation. There were thirty-seven of them who came to spend the day with us! They each one came with his offering—a

basket of plums, blackberries, wild cherries, flowers or 'dulse. Do you wonder what I fed them? Well, certainly not spring chicken and pink ice cream; just lots of Mexican rice, beans, tortillos and black coffee. They could not wait until after dinner when I would be free for their hymn singing, so the servant and I danced around in the kitchen to the lively measures of "to the work, to the work." After they were seated at the tables arranged on the long veranda some half dozen spontaneous prayers were offered, really eloquent in faith and joy and, gratitude that the Gospel had been given them. The afternoon was given to hymn-singing, Bible reading and prayers, without a trace of Anglo-Saxon ennui.

Are you surprised when they bid us good-bye to see each of the sixteen stalwart Indian men give me a hearty embrace? Well, you must not be, for I am their missionary and our conservative Brother Paul speaks of saluting the brethren with a holy kiss.

Last Thursday we went to Santa Maria for a service, an hour out on the train and about three miles afoot over a most beautifully picturesque mountain path. White wild roses climbed twenty feet over the trees and from one bough there hung a festoon of mistletoe six or eight feet long. Flourishing ferns covered the leaning trunks of many forest giants, bright winged birds darted about, and the music of the rushing mountain streams mingled with the perfume of the wild flowers.

There were about sixty persons present at the service and three were received into the church. There were a number of bright-faced boys and girls present who may grow up under the wing of that Southern Presbyterian Church, which is so famed for lighting the torch of learning, without knowing how to read and write. At present we have no school there. God hasn't seen fit to work the miracles of the loaves and fishes for us here. Perhaps He is saying to some of you: "Feed my Lambs."

We were very happy yesterday, May 30th, to think of all the Sunday schools



turning hearts and minds toward Mexico. We celebrated Children's Day in Zitacuaro also and had a collection of sixteen dollars and twelve cents Mexican cur-

rency, which they voluntarily are sending to the Foreign Mission Committee.

We are leaving in a few days on our furlough and hope to see many of you.

## MORRISON MEMORIAL BIBLE SCHOOL OF OUR CONGO MISSION.

C. L. CRANE.

AS articles from our section of the world seem to be rather conspicuous by their absence in the *MISSIONARY SURVEY*, we have decided partly on this account and partly on account of a request for such an article, to write some little account of the work of one of the youngest educational institutions of the Church. Its importance may not be measured by the grade of work done so much as by the place it fills in the work of evangelization of the Kasai section of the Congo. Measured by its importance in that respect, we may not feel ashamed to claim a place in the interest and prayers of the readers of the *SURVEY* along with our more advanced theological seminaries. We have never laid claim as yet to the title of "Seminary," but only call it a Bible School. On the mission it is generally known as the "Academy." It is supposed to be the central training school for evangelists on our mission, and most of the stations have sent their quota of students. In fact, every station is represented except Bulape, which finds it more advisable to train its own students on account of the differences in dialect and tribes.

We are very fortunate on this mission in having a language which, with minor changes and inflections, is used over the entire extent of the territory. This gives us an unique advantage over certain sister societies working in the Congo. The three great families of Baluba-Lulua, Baluba, Bena Koshi and Bakwa Lulua speak with slight changes and tribal inflections what the missionaries term Buluba or Buluba-Lulua. As all three of these great tribes have their representatives in the student body, it is quite fortunate for the missionary that he can use a single language and be perfectly understood.

The school had its inception in a class of twelve boys that were gathered from Luebo, Mutoto and Ibanche in 1913 at Luebo. In a little while this number was greatly increased, so that at the end of 1914 there were thirty or forty in attendance. Later in 1916-1917 there were over two hundred, including some of the evangelists from the out-stations of Luebo who were brought in for rest and study. Ever since then the average attendance has fluctuated between two hundred and two hundred and fifty students. In spite of the epidemics of influenza and meningitis, both of which claimed their victims, we have managed to maintain a larger student body than the force of teachers can thoroughly cope with.

Up to the present only one missionary teacher has been in charge, and he, with Mrs. Crane, found it a pretty strenuous job, but more recently Mr. and Mrs. Miller have been assigned to this special work and the prospects seem a bit brighter. Were it not for the native teachers it would have been impossible for one man to even superintend the work, but we have always had quite an efficient force of native men who are well adapted for this work. The native properly trained is superior to the missionary as a teacher on account of his more intimate knowledge of the language and native customs. Just at present we have four native teachers, who are doing splendid work. All are graduates of the more recent classes and are still receiving further training to fit them especially for this important work. I have listened to one of these boys giving an exposition of Ephesians to his class that convinced me of the possibilities that are yet undeveloped in many others of his tribe.

Our buildings are very unpretentious.

The fact of the matter is, we have only two buildings that could be called such. When the mission decided to move from Luebo in 1918, owing to the congestion that had taken place there, we built two dormitories of sun-dried bricks with a total outlay of less than \$300 for the two. These would hardly be called dormitories at home, being only large rooms in which twenty-five to thirty-five boys can be accommodated. But to the native with his little eight-foot-square (or smaller) hut, they are palaces. Their beds are just plain planks fitted into a frame, one tier above the other, in such a way that they can easily be taken out and disinfected. It may easily be imagined that such a course of procedure is often necessary, too. These two dormitories can accommodate as many as 140 students, owing to the fact that a native uses his house only as a shelter for his bed and cares little about a place to loiter. He does his "lobbying" outdoors. But even at that we should have better dormitories with more partitions and thus avoid the contamination that is certain to spread when one of them becomes ill with an infectious disease.

For class-rooms we have only an apology of a building, with all due respects to the brother who built it. He built it as well as he could with the means and materials that he had at his disposal, but we should have a brick building with separate rooms for the different classes. As it is, we have four large classes crowded together in a building seventy feet by thirty. There are no partitions except the blackboards, and the noise is deafening. The native does not mind noise, rather likes it, but the missionary is simply decreasing his efficiency and vitality. The other day Mr. Miller and I were wondering if we should not take some of these classes on the verandahs of our residences, but it would mean much trouble and inconvenience. I have vowed that I would never teach under such conditions again, even if I had to take my students under the mangoe trees; it seems that one can teach better outdoors anyhow; John the Baptist and Paul and the Master Teacher seemed to succeed

very wonderfully in the open air. Evidently some of my colored friends at home realized that I am neither a John the Baptist nor a Paul, nor even a Mark Hopkins with his log; the faithful little Sunday school of colored friends in Decatur, Ga., some of whom were my pupils there, recently sent \$200 which we purpose (with their consent) to use as a nest-egg toward a better building. If we just had that industrial man now he could do wonders even with this amount.

Just a little about the course of training. As the name indicates, the main purpose of the school is to teach the Bible. Other things are taught, but this is the center of the curriculum. The translation of more and more of the Bible as the years go by has enabled us to gradually raise the course of study, so that the present course of study in the lowest class is higher than it was in the course for the outgoing classes at the commencement in 1913-1914. We commence with the historical books of the Old Testament, and finish these in the first year's course of Bible study. In the second we have the study of the gospels, first singly and then in the form of a harmony of the gospels that we have arranged for class-room work. In the third year we take up the study of the Epistles. In addition to this, we have courses in the proverbial "three R's," besides a short course in Church history, physiology, geography, catechism (furnishing outlines of a course in theology) and preaching. We have text-books for most of these, and in lieu of a text-book in some courses supply them with full notes from a duplicator or manifold. In addition to their regular class-room work, they are given practical work in the surrounding villages. Then, too, owing to the fact that the average evangelist goes as a teacher as well as a preacher, every graduate is required to put in his last six months in teaching for a part of the day in the day school.

Not the least important part of their training is that with the hoe. Many of the natives are very adverse to manual labor, and the best way to test a man's fitness for the evangelistic work is to see

if he is afraid of work in the fields. A lazy native could never finish the Bible school, for he would decamp before he had gone very far. We have a farm of 240 acres attached to the school, and almost one-half of this is now under cultivation. This statement can be better appreciated when we further explain that there is absolutely no other agricultural implement in use here except the hoe. Our crops are largely native foods for use of the boarding students; thus we have corn, manioc, sweet potatoes, bananas,

plantains, peas, peanuts and millet. In consequence of this we can feed a student at Mutoto on very much less than it formerly cost at Luebo.

We mentioned the importance of the school to the mission. One can fully realize this, as he can see the groups of well-clothed, bright-faced young men who leave its classes for work among the out-stations of Luebo, Mutoto, Bibanga and Lusambo. It is at the very center of our whole work, and for this reason needs a larger place in your hearts and prayers.

## TRAVELING IN THE CONGO.

MISS RUBY ROGERS.



A Street in the Native Village at Luebo.

NOW at last after seven months of traveling and waiting, I am really in a home of my own, and with work of my own. I can't say I am "settled" yet, for some repairing is being done to the house and things are decidedly unsettled, but I have hopes for the future. I have been in Bibangu now for ten days and after having seen Luebo, Bulape, Mutoto and this place, my vote certainly is for Bibangu for the prettiest, most desirable place I have seen yet.

Dr. King and I left Luebo on March 11th for Mutoto and from the first everything possible seemed to go wrong. Dr. King was expecting to ride his motorcycle, but had had only two days' previ-

ous acquaintance with it, and consequently it behaved as most new motorcycles do. An hour and a half out of Luebo, near a little village, it decided to stop and no amount of coaxing could make it go. We spent the rest of the day there and towards night the motorcycle decided to run again. The home of the teacher, a pupil from Luebo, was placed at our disposal, and I prepared to spend my first night in a native house. The houses, of course, are of mud, and dirt floors, with nothing in them but a bench-like bed made of sticks and reeds, but I learned very soon to be quite comfortable with my camp-bed and chair.

We had breakfast the next morning by





What Do You Think of This Sunday-School Class under a Mango tree in Luebo?

candle light, at about 5 o'clock and were on the trail before 6. Everything went well for three hours, but then at nine-thirty we stopped for the men to get their food. It takes between two and three hours for the food to be gotten ready and only a person who has lived with these people knows the utter uselessness of trying to hurry them. They have a word meaning "hurry" it is true, but I think it must have gotten in their language by mistake, for I have never seen a native who understood the meaning of the word. Anyway, before the "chop" came, the rain did, and continued to fall in a heavy downpour until five o'clock, too late to start out, so the second day was lost. Saturday we made a good run of four hours in the morning, and four more in the afternoon, that is, it took me that long in my hammock. Dr. King made it in less than half that time and then had the pleasure of waiting for me. We stopped in a very nice village, in the house of the evangelist and spent Sunday there.

Of course, a good many over the average were at church Sunday morning, on

account of our presence, but the work looked very promising. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday we made very good time, but on account of the many streams to cross, and hills to climb, I made better time than Dr. King with the motorcycle to get across. Thursday at twelve o'clock I reached Mutoto, after the most strenuous hill-climbing I had ever done at that time, and Dr. King got in at four. Mutoto is a very pretty place, on the top of a large hill, and after recovering from the strenuous work of climbing up to it, you can begin to admire the scenery. The academy, the highest of our schools, and where the boys are trained for evangelists, is at Mutoto, and has a big crowd of very promising looking pupils. The school for children, and the farm and manual training department, also are running fine and certainly are a wonderful credit to Mr. Crane.

We found the Millers, the Cranes, and Mrs. King and babies all well, also Mr. Rochester, and I enjoyed my four days in Mutoto to the fullest.

It was decided that Mr. Miller should be the one to bring me on my way to



Bibangu, as Dr. King was needed so badly on the station, and so he and I started out Tuesday morning about eight-thirty. Some delay in getting as many box-men as we needed made us lose the best hours for traveling, and gave us the late start. We made good time, however, Tuesday and Wednesday, making about seven hours a day, and as the hammock-men average about three and a half miles an hour that put us up almost twenty-five miles a day. Thursday we ran into an awfully heavy rain about nine in the morning and sat in a little "two by four" village under the edge of a small hut, for three hours. In spite of a raincoat and umbrella, I was dripping wet and my hammock with blanket and pillows was a sad thing to behold.

At twelve o'clock the rain held up a little, and we went on for an hour to a large village where we could spend the night. The evangelist there was a very superior man, and had us a big fire on the porch in a few seconds, and before long all of us, Mr. Miller and I, our eighteen hammock-men, cook and two personal boys, were all around the fire drying out. The chief of the village sent us a big basket of peanuts, and while roasting and eating them we forgot our wetting. We looked in vain all the afternoon for our box-men, but night came

without one of them coming in sight. The wife of the evangelist cooked Mr. Miller and me a chicken, native style, and boiled us some ciombe, a root that the natives eat a great deal, and we had a supper on top of that and the same for breakfast. My hammock was taken off of the pole and put down on the floor of the one room, and I got what sleep I could in that. Mr. Miller swung his to the ceiling or rather roof of the porch, but didn't fare any better as regards sleep. Leopards were in the habit of making nightly visits to this village, so our men slept on the porch and kept a fire going all night. At eight o'clock the next morning our boxes arrived, and after hearing their tale of swollen streams impossible to cross the night before, etc., we started out again, and had a good day's run. That night, however, some of the boxes failed to get in, among the lot my bed, and so I slept the second night on a native dirt floor. The "chop" boxes did come in, though, and my personal box, so things were not as bad as the night before.

Saturday about six in the afternoon we arrived at Bibangu and I hope my traveling is over for a while at least. This is a most beautiful place on top of a 3,000-foot hill, and the last climb up to the station is almost as hard as the one into Mutoto. The view on every side—hills



Snapped from the Main Entrance Toward the Hospital at Luebo.



Luebo Hospital.

big and little, valleys and ridges, is wonderfully beautiful and the sun-rises and sun-sets are the most gorgeous I have ever seen. I have had little to do so far, in a medical line, and am very glad for a short while in which to unpack and start my household. My supply of Buluba is very limited as yet, and Mrs. McKee generally stays with me during the hours in the dispensary.

The native village is small, as this is the newest station of any, and there is little sickness among the people, but I will help in the school work, too, as soon as I really get settled.

The McKees start in to Luebo in about ten days, beginning their vacation, and we are sincerely hoping that some one else will be sent out here to help with all of the work left on Mr. McElroy. On account of my small knowledge of the language, I am of no assistance so far in dealing with the natives and there is work enough here to keep several men busy. I think if I could rightly picture the beauty of the land and the peace and happiness of life in the "wilds of Africa," maybe others at home might come out to help in this big work.

## CHERRY BLOSSOMS AND OTHER THINGS.

BESS BLAKENEY.

ON last Saturday we had quite an exciting baseball game here when the team from the South Dakota played the Tokyo Americans on the St. Paul's (Episcopal College) grounds. The Tokyo team hadn't practiced at all, as most of them are language school students (so they really have some excuse), and the sailors were in pretty good form. The score was 16-8 in favor of the South Dakota.

The band from the ship came along, too—the band members were all Fillipinos—and it surely did seem like home—with the grandstand, the crowd, the "rooting" (of which we all did a fair share), the two American teams and THE American game!

Of course there were Japanese spectators, but they were in the minority this time. Just once did the foreign element assert itself, and that was when a Mr. Garmon, who is decidedly bald, made some star play, and then the little Japanese boys jumped up and down in their delight and yelled "Ojii san! Ojii san" (grandfather or old man) at the top of their lungs.

After the game the language school entertained the teams and the band in the dining-room of St. Paul's. They have mighty nice modern buildings and a great big dining-room, but of course do not use the same sort of china we would in serving a meal, so we got little squares of bamboo paper for plates and



put the potato salad, meat-loaf and sandwiches on these improvised plates, then for dessert we served cake and fruit gelatine or something like that, and with coffee and tea and pickles additional.

The boys ate with chop-sticks and drank their coffee and tea out of the regular little chawan bowls, and pretended they couldn't manage them, but ate up everything in sight nevertheless!

After they were served they were crazy to dance of course, but the missionary hostesses persuaded them to substitute "Three Deep," "Going to Jerusalem" and several other lively games.

Before we left we all sang "The Star Spangled Banner." There is a different thrill to it when you sing it so far away from home!

Later.

This last has been a busy week. We are having lots of new work at school now, and are just on the verge of finishing up our second reader—Ojосу desne? We are having a most interesting story now about a yoiі ojіі san (a good old man) and a watuіі ojіі san (a bad old man), which is a mixture of Arabian nights, Aesop and Grimm's Fairy Tales. The good old man's name Danasakijiji (the old man that makes the flowers open). But I won't bore you with a further recital of this childish story.

The etymology of some of their expressions is awfully interesting. For instance, "interesting" "*omoshiroi*" literally means "white face." When the foreigners first came, of course their WHITE FACES were very, very interesting; and they said "*omoshiroi, omoshiroi*" so often in that connection that it came to mean "interesting."

Sometimes when the natives block your way on the streets to stare at you, if you turn around and ask "Omoshiroi disca?" "Do you think I am very interesting?" They will generally walk away; but I never do say it; I am too anxious to stare at them! They haven't anything on me at all when it comes to staring! Ladies, if you enjoy being the center of attraction frequently, just come to Japan!

"High collar," another expression, is really English. When the foreigners

came wearing HIGH COLLARS they thought that very stylish and elegant; so "high collar" has come to mean anything grand, wonderful, aristocratic, etc.

To-night we had "oyako domburi," "parent and child in a bowl," for supper; in other words, chicken and egg over bowl rice, with a little shayu and onion added to give flavor. It's delicious; try it and see!

But I'm not telling the most exciting things: Tuesday we new people, or rather those who were fortunate enough to be Americans, went to the Imperial garden party, held at the Shiujiku Gardens this year. The invitations are lovely—I very modestly stuck mine in my furo shiki (that is a sort of bandana handkerchief affair, as nearly as I could describe it, in which all parcels must be wrapped, as it is very improper to carry NAKED BUNDLES). I might add the Japanese are not so squeamish about individuals in this respect; so the Japanese could stare at it, and they almost got down and worshipped that royal seal! Poor things, it is a shame they can't all go; they would be enraptured.

Well, we were right glad to go ourselves, and as one is supposed to come in riksha or automobile, we chose the latter evil, and the seven of us, from language school, went from the Aogama Compound. We went the longest way "round," for as Vera and I said, we must make the most of it, as that would probably be our last car ride until our furlough.

It has rained so often on these occasions that "Euperois weather" has come to be a proverb; and of course, Him, Him, can't appear then, for it would be a sacrilege for a drop of rain to fall down on Him. But that day was perfect, hazy, but not raining, and not so blazing hot; however the Emperor himself wasn't there this time either. He has only one lung, poor thing, and has not been well lately. The Empress was there dressed in a very pretty pale green crepe de chine, with hat and plumes to match. The Crown Prince is a delicate looking youth—he wore a simple khaki uniform, and didn't look nearly so splendid as many of the Japanese officers, who reminded me



of little fat pin-cushions with medals strung all over them.

All the court ladies have to wear foreign clothes, as do all the Japanese ladies who attend the party, unless they choose to wear the old court costume, which consists of a short jacket affair and brilliant red trousers, very full, of course. Not many have these old costumes, I imagine, and evidently very few had the other either, as there were about one hundred men to one woman present.

The Empress' clothes, and those of her ladies, were lovely, but very long, barely escaping the ground (they wore high-heeled slippers, too!) and they wore high collars and such curious hats! They look like those pictures of Queen Mary's fussy hats, taken twenty-five years ago. Then Japanese women are so humble they're HUMPED OVER; and that sort of a figure is graceful in a beautiful Japanese kimono, but frightful in foreign dress.

The little Empress just hung her honorable eyes on the ground and bowed right and left, as she passed through the crowds; but members of the diplomatic corps were presented to her and she and the Crown Prince, too, shook hands with them all. I imagine it was much more informal owing to the Emperor's absence.

Across the little bridges, in another part of the garden, under the loveliest cherry trees, hundreds of small tables were arranged; and after the Imperial party was seated at their special tables and served, the other guests went to the long tables under the canopy and served themselves.

They had delicious sandwiches and cakes of all sorts, ice cream, candies, tea, coffee, cocoa and other drinks of all varieties and shades.

I didn't go any further down the list than lemonade, but the others were not neglected.

There were American naval and army officers, English army and navy, French, Russia, Greek, Canadian, Italian, Chinese and what not. None were half so fine, however, as the Japanese Lackeys, in their scarlet and gold. The one near where I stood to watch the royal procession was

big and fat, had huge mouth, and wore these large tortoise-rimmed glasses—together, he was the "spittin'" image of the frog in ALICE IN WONDERLAND, and attracted a good part of my attention from the procession.

Later.

This last week our language school paid a farewell visit to the cherry blossoms, going by boat to Arakawa, a place celebrated for the beauty of the double cherries, the different colors of the blossoms and the crowds; in none of these were we disappointed.

The cherries were surely lovely, and they were not only three shades of pink, but yellow and green besides—hontony! (Truly.) There are long, long avenues (or revinues, as Aunt Hannah would say) of trees, with a high embankment to one side, so that you may walk beneath or above the trees. We couldn't decide which view was lovelier. But, really, they don't look like cherries—the first ones did. These are more like great clusters of Lady Gay roses on trees.

But, oh, those crowds! The people at Askayama, near here, were nothing in comparison! and most of them were drunk. They were dressed, too, in all sorts of fantastic costumes. The men had their faces powdered and painted, had on wigs and women's clothes; and you could hardly tell they were men.

Mr. Holmes said he thought it was a part of our education to see the people, and the effect the cherry season had upon them.

So many foreigners see only the blossoms and do not know of the drinking and carousing. It isn't a pleasant thing to know, of course, but if one saw only the good side, she would never understand the need here.

I must say these people, even when drunk, seem perfectly harmless, and in the majority of cases quite good natured—too much so, in fact! At first I was scared to death of them, and even now I wouldn't dare to go to one of these parks alone, for foreigners are so conspicuous.

I think I told some of the home folks about one young fellow who insisted on holding Mr. Holmes' hand and walked

along patting him on the cheek, and putting his head on his shoulder. Mr. Holmes was embarrassed to death, but he treated them just as if they were little children. His good Japanese was what attracted the boy, I think. Mr. Holmes is the head of our language school, as I suppose I have told you.

We went as far away from the crowd as possible to a nice, clean little tea-house and ate our lunch. Several Japanese came over and begged Mr. Holmes to let them eat with us, but he told them they couldn't. Across from us we could see two other tea-houses. One was filled with men dressed as women, singing, dancing and drinking. Occasionally they would go racing off among the trees—I was afraid they would break the younger ones down. They all wear bright cloths around their necks and head at this time, and stick paper blossoms in their hair, or behind their ears, or in the hat-band. These men would take off their bright yellow, blue or green rags, as the case might be, throw them as far as they could, then run after them. They remind me of Shakespeare's Fools (and everybody else's). They had on the motley, all right, and you didn't miss the cap and bells.

In the tea-house just next this gay crowd there was one man and a tiny little

child, sitting as quietly as you please, eating their lunch together. It was the sweetest picture, and oh, such a delightful contrast. This father had probably carried the baby for miles to see the cherries. It was for the little children that I felt the worst. To think that their ideas of the cherry season would always be inseparably connected with drinks.

Many of the Japanese are ashamed of this carousing, though the general idea is to let them have their "good time" with no interference or restriction.

One of the teachers here said he thought it would be better to cut down all the cherry trees than have this carousing. That meant a great deal.

One newspaper, commenting on the customs of the season, congratulated the people on their high carnival, but said some of the women were getting drunk and that was very unseemly! To think that the women of Japan can't even GET DRUNK if they want to!

Really, it is too ridiculous to hear the Japanese ideas of women's rights! One of the favorite epithets for "wife" is "gosai," pronounced GOOSE-EYE; wouldn't that make an American wife rage! But worse still, it means FOOL WIFE! "Ye canna beat it!"

*Tokyo, Japan.*

## YOUNG LADY WANTED.

EGBERT W. SMITH.

A LETTER received to-day from Miss Mada I. McCutchan, head of our Girls' School at Sutsien, China, says:

"Since Miss ——— is not able to come to us, we have been hoping and praying that someone else might be found. We need a young lady who is able to teach music and Bible and help with the management of the school. If she had some experience in school work it would be fine, but if she lacks that, she can get her experience out here, I suppose.

The school is growing rapidly now. We have an eleven-year course running through high school. And there is more

work connected with the management and control than one person can do well, to say nothing of the teaching required of her

Our high school at Sutsien is the only one for girls in the whole end of our province, with a population of six or seven million people. In all this territory there are probably not more than ten girls who have a high school education.

Since you have been out here and know the situation as you do, I need not speak of the need for the school work and the good that is being done by it. Will you not secure the help that we need, and secure it *soon*?"

## CHINA'S GREATEST NEED.

ALLEN C. HUTCHISON.

THE world is growing smaller every day, and as you pick up your morning paper in America you are in almost as close touch with events in China as we actually on the field. This summer has been no exception to the general rule, which is stated in China, that when the warm weather begins to invade the land the people's thoughts turn to revolution, and hardly a summer has passed within the past nine years, to my own certain knowledge, without some sort of a political and military disturbance of serious import.

This summer we are entertained by the fighting in the vicinity of Peking, where the heads of two military factions have come to blows and the man who has for many years been the strongest military leader in China seems to have at last met his deserts at the hands of his opponents. Marshal Tuan Chi Jui has, it is reported, been defeated by his enemies, the members of the Chihli party.

It must be confessed that the interests at stake in this conflict seems to us to be purely personal, and while one faction is worse than the other, yet on the whole neither party is representative of the people's demands for representative and fair government.

China is over-ridden, yes, bed-ridden, with the military officials whose only desire is to seize for themselves as much power and money as possible. There seems to be no end to their greed, and while at home in America we hear reports of "graft" and other imputations against our politicians, yet there is there a voice, and a powerful voice, raised at times to strike at these people a blow. But here democracy is dead, and the people are absolutely in the hands of these military, and in many instances mere robber chieftains.

There is a public awakening of course here, but so far it is very feeble and very weak. The conscience furthermore has no power against these governors and

generals who have large bodies of troops at their disposal. It is pitiful to hear the best class of Chinese confess their feeling of hopelessness over the situation. Many even actually advocate foreign intervention to rid them of their own oppressors.

The truth is, friends, the whole nation is a heathen nation, and until there comes some change of heart China will be in this mire for years to come. No one trusts any one else. Each knows the other to be absolutely selfish. Are there not men in Shanghai with millions in the foreign banks yet who do absolutely nothing towards helping their country? To-day there is hardly anything organized in the whole of China for the helping of their own countrymen. Selfish to the core. The spots where something is being done to help the misery in China are hard to find outside of the missionary institutions, and the Chinese know this and acknowledge it. I say it, after experience in hospital work in China after twelve years, that there is absolutely no power under heaven that will save China except Christianity.

The people have sat for so many centuries in the darkness of heathenism that they do not know the light. Many of their best men realize the utter hopelessness of their reforms without reform of character throughout the nation. This judgment is not alone that of the missionary or the religionist, but is that of some business men in the East as well.

If there is one thing I am concerned about in my hospital it is that we shall show that we are working on Christian principles, and a falsehood among nurses or doctors we try to hit the hardest blow imaginable. Our hospital work has grown this year, and we feel that we have multiplied our usefulness and the opportunity for the sowing of the seed by just that much.

Although this is a large city and one of the most important in China, yet there



still does not exist a hospital outside of our mission hospital which is worthy of the name of hospital at all. There are two or three little concerns which are dirty and managed by men who have very mediocre qualifications as physicians, but the so-called city hospital is simply a beggar's home, filthy to the last degree. So that even at this date in missions our Union Mission Hospital has the rarest opportunity to witness for all that Christianity stands for in this great centre of several million people. We estimate the city itself as one of 600,000 people, and its surrounding territory has thousands and thousands more. Poverty presses on us on all sides. The dispensary daily shows us people with diseased bodies of the worst kinds, and no money, yet who have absolutely no place to go for relief unless we open our doors for them. Of course we cannot take in every beggar who applies, or else we should soon be nothing but a beggar institution, so we have to pick and try to discriminate between the really deserving and also select those whom we can help by some immediate surgical or medical attention.

The struggle for existence is so acute in China that for a man to be maimed is almost tantamount to starving. I have often had patients say they had rather die than have an amputation of arm or leg, since they would lose their means of daily earning their bread and starvation would only stare them in the face. In other words, China has not developed a social consciousness and the organized help by society of its members who have been deprived of some of their ability to make a living is almost unknown.

Our missionary institutions are great moral lessons in cleanliness, hygiene and social responsibility, but they are more than that; they are places where they can hear the gospel that cleanses the heart and points them to a better way.

We have something to show for it, too, now, thank God. There is an indigenous church with its roots in the soil, and though the mass of heathenism is still but little leavened, the work is going on, and already China is showing the effects of the impress of Christianity upon her. They tell these days of official encouragement to Buddhism and Taoism to reform itself and take on new life for the benefit of the people, and I believe this movement is going on, but it is simply the realization that Christianity has something to offer that these other religions have not, and the thinking Chinese realizing this, and yet too proud to bodily adopt Christianity, as it is a foreign adoption of the essential Christian principles into these other religions and make it appear that it is simply a renovated Buddhism or Taoism.

In other words, China is beginning to pass into the stage that Japan has passed into. They see the utter hopelessness of what they have at present, but they do not want to humble their national pride by accepting Christianity outright, so they will claim the essential teachings of Christianity as their own and clothe them in the outward form of their own older religions. Just as they have adopted the rest day once a week in government circles, though they claim that this is simply a return to an old custom they had centuries ago.

China's extremity is our opportunity, and may the Christian world realize its responsibility and privilege at this time.

I cannot know each one of you personally, but I send this message as one from my heart to you who live in a land seething with great problems; it is true yet where at least Christ has made his stamp on the hearts of thousands and thousands of people for many generations.

*Nanking, China.*

## HER FIRST ITINERATING TRIP.

MISS WILLIE BERNICE GREENE.

I WISH I could write you every detail about my first itinerating trip in the country, but I will have to content myself with only sending you a few of the incidents.

Now please don't understand me to mean that I have mastered the language well enough to go itinerating. Far from that; I went out with one of the itinerators who has been on the field long enough to have been home on furlough and back, Miss Emily Winn, who is stationed at Chunju.

However, it was my pleasure to teach the children the catechism and some Bible verses.

We were out eleven days, and in that time visited three places. Two days at Simpoonee, three at Talmai, and six at Oou Bong, a village up almost on top of the mountain. There Miss Winn held a study class for the women and I a class for the children.

I enjoyed my trip to the fullest extent. Many things and experiences were quite different from anything I had ever done or seen before, but I will not even exclude these in mentioning the enjoyment that I have had.

I experienced the many ways in which one can travel, for on this journey train,

auto, ricksha, Korean chair and my two feet were brought into play. Had you ever thought of how wonderful it is that we have two feet to walk on instead of only one? Well, the next time you have to take a real long walk, especially if it is up or down the mountain, I want you to think about that.

Living in America and being able to ride all the time, we don't get a chance to really know how blessed we are in that way as well as the others.

The scenery was perfectly beautiful all up among the mountains, with the different shades of green that make everything look so fresh and joyful; then, too, we could see all over the country below. The road wound around the hills like a snake and sometimes we could see it far ahead of us, and then lose it entirely 'as we made these zigzag turns.

Our load, provisions, cots, etc., had to be sent ahead on the backs of coolies. The people out here carry many heavy things on jickies strapped on their backs, thus illustrating in reality the heavy burden under which their souls are laboring, while they walk in a darkness that only Jesus Christ can lighten.

We had to stay in the churches, for a whole family would have had to move



Korean Baby Carriages.

out if they provided us a room in their house. Most of the homes only have one room 8x8 feet. Do you think your whole family could live in that space and be happy?

The churches are not like ours at home. They have no steeples, bells, pews, or the like. The churches in the country are very small to begin with, then they are divided in halves, one side for the women and one side for the men. The pulpit, which sometimes is only a stand like a "keader" uses to hold his book, is placed at the end of the partition. This gives the preacher the appearance of having his vision divided, one eye to look down the side for the men and the other to watch over the women. Of course, I suppose you know that the Koreans sit on the floor.

The churches we visited on this trip were made of mud, and only had a matting spread over the mud floor. The ceiling was not very high, and as Americans are taller than Koreans, it was very easy to bump your head. The doors are also very low and you have to stoop down to enter. These doors are a lattice work covered with paper, and make fine peep holes, for the Koreans can so easily push a hole in them with their thumbs. They are very curious about foreigners. (Foreigners, of course, apply to the missionaries.)

Have you ever looked straight into the eyes of somebody looking in on you?



Would you say she was taking a Korean boat ride?

Well, if you haven't, you have a thrilling experience before you.

I think I can be safe in saying that the minutes can be counted when these various peep holes didn't have eyes pressed close up to them.

I learned early in the game that there was no use waiting for these eyes to tire and desert their post. If you want to itinerate you must get used to a small thing like being watched from morning till night. It isn't because they are rude; in the first place, they don't know it is rude; they are only very much interested in everything we do. And having the



Miss Green's Class for the Children.





Mrs. J. Kemp Hobson, en route for Africa.

time and patience, they remain for hours, so it seems to the one being watched.

One Sunday morning, while we were waiting for the crowd to gather, a woman, who has not been a Christian very long, asked me to give her little girl a name. Now mind you, this little girl was eight years old, but did not have a name. They thought, she being just a girl, it didn't matter. The other two were boys, and of course had a name. They had always called her "the little fool"; think of that!

Well, when I looked into those little eyes turned up to me with such a wistful expression, and her whole face one of breathless expectancy, to know what I

would call her, my heart swelled up so it almost choked me.

It seemed I could just see God's grace in her upturned face. So I said to call her Oow-hay, meaning "Grace." She looked so pleased to have a real name and smiled so sweetly, I just wished you could have seen her. In the afternoon she came to the service in a clean dress, although it was a ragged one. It was tied around under her arms just as high as it could be, and she didn't have on a waist at all. Her hair was not combed, but she had washed her face, and she reminded me of a picture of a little angel, although I have never seen one pictured with straggly hair, have you?



Rev. J. Kemp Hobson, who will be stationed at Luebo, Africa.

### MISSIONARY ARRIVALS AND SAILINGS.

**W**E would report as having recently arrived on furlough the following missionaries:

From Africa—Rev. and Mrs. George T. McKee, whose permanent address while on furlough is Batesville, Ark.

From Brazil—Rev. S. R. Gammon, D. D., Rural Retreat, Va.

From China—Rev. and Mrs. C. N. Caldwell, Graham, N. C.; Rev. and Mrs. T. B. Grafton, 1400 Morton Avenue,

Louisville, Ky., or Union Church, Miss.; Dr. and Mrs. A. A. McFadyen, Raeford, N. C.; Rev. and Mrs. J. Y. McGinnis, LeRoy, Minn.

The following new missionaries and missionaries returning from furlough sailed during September:

For Africa from New York on the 18th on the S. S. Caronia of the Cunard Line—Rev. and Mrs. J. Kemp Hobson and Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Schlotter. Mr.

Schlotter is returning from furlough after his first term on the field.

For Japan on the Empress of Russia from Vancouver on the 23d—Rev. and



Miss Lina E. Bradley, en route for Nanking, China.

Mrs. R. E. McAlpine, Miss Florence Eugenia McAlpine, Rev. and Mrs. William C. Buchanan, Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Logan. Of this party Miss McAlpine goes out for the first time as an appointed missionary.

For Korea on the "City of Nanking" from San Francisco on the 25th—Rev.



Miss Emma Larson, who sailed for Africa in March.

and Mrs. J. F. Preston and Miss Louise Miller. Miss Miller is the sister of Rev. J. Hoyt Miller, who sailed for Africa last winter.

For China on the Empress of Russia from Vancouver on the 23d—Miss Lina E. Bradley, who goes out as special assistant to Dr. P. Frank Price in his new position, when he returns to China in November, as Executive Secretary of the City Council of Missions in Nanking.

## HIDDEN TREASURE.

1. The most religious and the most immoral—where?

2. A field as large as Virginia and no minister of the Gospel—where? What are you going to do about it?

3. After twelve years' absence, a daughter of the mission returns to the work—who?

4. She mounted a step-ladder and sang a weird song—who and why?

5. "Dry-goods box" desks and no equipment, but they are being educated and are getting the Gospel too—where?

6. Theologöy plus a hoe—what is the connection?

7. What does "High collar" mean in the Japanese language?

8. What is China's greatest need?

9. If sixteen stalwart Indians embrace the missionary as they bid her good-bye—would you be surprised?

10. And "the leopards will get you if you don't watch out"—where?

11. There are numerous ways of traveling during the same journey—what are they?



Mrs. B. M. Scholttter, Miss Eugenia McAlpine and Miss Louise Miller, now en route to their respective mission fields.

## SENIOR FOREIGN MISSION PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER, 1920.

Arranged by Miss Margaret McNeilly.

### TOPIC—BRAZIL.

Hymn—We Praise Thee, O God.

Prayer of Invocation.

Minutes.

Roll Call—Answer with a verse of Praise or Thanksgiving.

Business.

Offering.

Devotional—Psalm 92

Prayer of Thanksgiving.

Solo—Selected.

Quiz—Hidden Treasure.

Hymn—More Holiness Give Me.

Topical—Samaria and the Prophet's Cake.  
Some Roman Catholic Processions.

Letter from Rev. Geo. Taylor, Jr.

Hymn—Selected.

Prayer—for the needs of our Brazil Mission.  
Close with the 100th Psalm read in concert.

### SUGGESTIONS:

Use maps of Brazil and the U. S. comparing the territory with a minister as mentioned by Dr. Henderlite in the article Samaria and the Prophet's Cake.

Make this meeting one of thanksgiving.

Pray for the needs of the field and resolve to help answer your prayers.

Make a note of some of the needs for prayer and ask that the members of the society remember these in prayer during the month.

### COMPARATIVE STATEMENT FOREIGN MISSION RECEIPTS.

Receipts applicable to regular appropriation:  
September

	1920	1919
Churches.....	\$ 32,276 17	\$ 19,579 85
Sunday Schools.....	859 66	860 59
Sunday Schools—Korea.....		1,076 87
Sunday Schools—Mexico.....	1,726 44	
Sunday Schools—Miscellaneous.....		8 08
Societies.....	6,634 41	4,890 24
Societies—C. E. Missionaries.....	75 25	115 00
Societies—Miscellaneous.....	32 69	33 40
Miscellaneous Donations.....	4,604 31	3,230 33
Miscellaneous Donations—Sundries.....		30 95
Legacies.....	\$ 46,208 93	\$ 29,825 31
	12 10	12 45
	\$ 46,221 03	\$ 29,837 76

EDWIN F. WILLIS, Treasurer.

Nashville, Tenn., September 30, 1920.



# Christian Education and Ministerial Relief

REV. HENRY H. SWEETS, D. D., EDITOR,  
122 SOUTH FOURTH AVENUE,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

MR. JOHN STITES, TREASURER,  
FIFTH AND MARKET STREETS,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

## "THE PERFECT GIFT."

This is the title of the most attractive Christmas program yet issued by the Executive Committee. It makes an appeal for the life of the youth of the Church for the ministry and mission service.

A sufficient number of copies of the program to place one in the hands of each member of the church and Sunday school will be forwarded free on application to the Secretary, 410 Urban Building, Louisville, Ky. With each order there will be sent enough copies of the supplement to use in training the school.

Space will not permit us copying the many testimonials of the helpfulness of these exercises in the past. Many pastors, superintendents and teachers have written that in the carrying out of the program many of the boys and girls have dedicated their lives to the service of Christ and our Church.

It is now time to begin preparation for the meeting to be held during the week beginning December 19, 1920. Samples of the program and leaflets will be furnished free on application.

## HOW BARBEE MEMORIAL CHURCH DID IT.

§ AT EXCELSIOR SPRINGS, MO. §

I AM writing this little article in the hope that other secretaries of Christian Education and Ministerial Relief may get some encouragement in their work and may give them an idea of work on which they may not have thought before.

When Mrs. S. B. Cole, our synodical secretary of Christian Education and Ministerial Relief, told me that it was up to me to present the "Graham Building Fund" for Ministerial Relief to our members in a way that they would understand that this was one of the most worthy of worthy causes, I thought over the matter for days wondering which way I could reach the hearts of our members, feeling that if they understood it properly our

friends would cheerfully give to this fund.

We decided to have a "Children's Day" for Ministerial Relief. On the Sunday before "Children's Day" we gave out three different pamphlets on Ministerial Relief and a pledge envelope to each one that came to Sunday school and church that morning, telling each one that next Sunday we wanted them to bring their donations for the aged ministers.

On Monday and Tuesday following, I wrote forty personal letters to members who I felt would not be at Sunday school on Children's Day and enclosed pamphlets and marked the paragraphs I particularly wanted them to read, feeling if they read the marked places they would be-

come interested and read all of them. I explained the Graham proposition and told them if they gave \$10 they would receive a "Certificate" showing they had purchased one square foot of rental space in the Graham Building, and would they not do this for the Church? I enclosed an addressed, stamped envelope and pledge card and asked them to answer at once, as \$200 was our goal for next Sunday.

By this method we received \$128, which otherwise we never would have received; it cost \$1.60 for stamps to send the letters, so our profit was \$126.40; then I had two large and one small poster painted at a cost of \$2.50 and decorated the church with flags and flowers and one large poster on each side of the platform and the small one in the center, reading, "Forget them not when they are old," then followed the Children's program and the singing of "The Aged Ministers' Prayer." From the splendid literature which I received from Dr. Henry H. Sweets, of Louisville, Ky., I made a plea for the sick and aged ministers, telling of their wants and needs and the needy widows and orphans of the deceased ministers, also explained the "Graham Fund."

I then said we would ask for \$20 donations for this worthy cause, and those

wishing to give that amount to please hold up their hands. I then asked the ladies to take their names. We received three \$20 gifts this way; then asked for the \$15, received one; then the \$10, received several; then on down to \$1! after which we took up a general collection asking for the smaller amounts.

It was very encouraging to see the little boys and girls raising their hands with their pledge envelopes, eager to give their little mites for the aged ministers. Collection that way and from letters were \$277.52 net with the pledge from the Woman's Auxiliary, total \$427.52.

I hope the above has been made clear and that it will be of some help to other secretaries of C. E. and M. R., who are anxious to do their part in this worthy cause.

Won't the local Secretary of C. E. and M. R. write the church papers for publication of what they have done; their plan and results, for it will greatly encourage the other secretaries of C. E. and M. R. who may be at a loss of what to do. I am asking this because our synodical secretary, Mrs. S. B. Cole, would like to see this published, or at least from one or more every week through these papers.

EVELYN W. SMITH.

## NOTES ON CHRISTIAN EDUCATION AND MINISTERIAL RELIEF.

A copy of "Suggestions for Speakers—An Ammunition Dump," was sent to Dr. Thos. H. Somerville, at Oxford, Miss. In a very short time he wrote back, "I thank you for the booklet. It is convincing and, I may add, convicting." A copy of this book will be sent to anyone who desires to prepare an address on the work of Ministerial Relief.

The program, "Ministering to the Saints—A Playlet on Ministerial Relief," by Miss Mary Callum Wiley, proved so valuable that we decided to call upon her for other help at this time. She has furnished us a very inspiring program, "Carry On," which will be suitable for

use in societies and Sunday schools. It calls for eight characters in its presentation. Copies of this may be had free on request.

In addition to the thrilling stories already written by Mildred Welch on Ministerial Relief, including "The Road of the Loving Heart," "The Different Ways We Treat Them," "Give Away Your Medal," "Extraordinary Pensions," and "Remembered By a Star," we have just had published other stories from her entitled "Prayers for the Living," "Don't Cut Too Close," and "Twenty-five Per Cent. Disability."

"Endowment Fund Bulletins" are now being printed from time to time in all three of the Church papers. These reveal the amount of money received to meet Mr. C. E. Graham's liberal offer of \$200,000 on condition the whole Church contributes \$400,000 by December 1, 1920, and also the source from which the money comes. These are being watched with deep interest by all of those who love our Presbyterian Church and her faithful ministers.

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Rev. E. E. Lane, who was born in Brazil, and who expects within the next year to go to that field as a missionary, is now presenting the claims of the ministry and mission service in churches, schools, colleges, and State universities, and normal schools. He and Dr. Sweets have been busy this summer attending many conferences for this purpose. Mr. Lane presented the offer of Mr. C. E. Graham at the annual encampment of the Presbyterian Indians in Oklahoma. They liberally responded by contributing and pledging \$1 per member for the Endowment Fund of Ministerial Relief.

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During the meeting of the All-South Convention of the Christian Endeavor Societies in New Orleans, Dr. Sweets on Sunday morning preached at the Canal Street Presbyterian church, of which Rev. C. S. Sholl is pastor. He found in the vestibule a marble tablet on which were inscribed some interesting and heroic

words from a letter Mr. Sholl wrote just before the end came:

"In memory  
Martin Whitford Trawick  
Pastor of  
Canal Street Presbyterian Church  
Born in Hinds Co., Miss.  
June 1, 1938.  
Died in New Orleans of Yellow Fever  
Oct. 8, 1878.

I would rather stay with my people and die than go away and live. Life is not worth anything unless it is laid on the altar of Christ and offered up in his service in the way of duty."

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A letter has recently been received from Mr. Harry Bryan, of Birmingham, Ala., the son of our greatly beloved pastor in that city, Rev. J. A. Bryan, D. D., in which he enclosed a check for \$10 concerning which he says: "Please credit this to 'the Birthday Man.'" It is from the children of the primary and junior departments of our Sabbath school. On the Sabbath nearest their birthday they put in an iron bank the number of pennies that represents the number of years they have lived. It is a very good custom and quite a nice sum is realized from it. We always send this money to some special cause of our Church, and as treasurer I am sending this quarter's offering to you. The contribution, though small, will help a little in the purchase of the Graham Building."





## IN MEMORIAM.

By HENRY H. SWEETS, *Secretary.*



Mr. Lonnie Green.

liberty. Three of our ministers and twelve of our candidates made the supreme sacrifice.

Not until many months after the war did we learn of the death of Mr. Lonnie Green, a candidate under care of the Presbytery of Brazos, whose picture appears here. While in training at Camp Travis he organized a Christian Endeavor Society which kept up its activity after the

During the great World War one hundred and eighty-eight candidates for the ministry of the Southern Presbyterian Church left their studies and enlisted in the forces of the United States that on land and sea and in the air were contending for justice and

troops arrived in France. Inspiring reports have come to us of his influence in stimulating the religious life of his companions in arms. On November 1st, while pressing forward with a machine gun battalion in the Argonne Forest he was wounded and died in the hospital on November 3, 1918.

A large number of Gold Star Scholarships have been erected in the Student Loan Fund of our Church to commemorate the life and the service of the boys and men of our Church who went forth at the call of their country. The faithful service of many of our ministers and missionaries is also being commemorated in the same way. These gold stars are being transmuted into the golden care of leadership.

The story of their sacrifice is told in a booklet "Monuments in Living Leaders," issued by the Executive Committee, 410 Urban Building, Louisville, Ky.

*Louisville, Ky.*

## AN EFFECTUAL WAY.

**M**ISS Linda McClung, Rockbridge Baths, Va., while secretary of the Lexington Presbyterial for Christian Education and Ministerial Relief, adopted a plan for recruiting for the ministry and mission field that should commend itself to many of our organizations. The outline is as follows: The secretary shall select six consecrated women from her society, who, in conference with their pastor, shall select a number of young men in their church whom they think may be called to

the ministry. These women engage to pray every day at a designated hour that the Spirit of the Lord may guide these young men and, if in accordance with His will, lead them into the ministry. The young men are to be prayed for by name, but only the pastor and members of the prayer band shall know the names of those chosen. The other members of the society are requested to intercede at the same hour that the petitions of the prayer band may be answered."

# *The Woman's Auxiliary of the Presbyterian Church in the United States*

MRS. W. C. WINSBOROUGH, SUPERINTENDENT AND EDITOR  
257-259 FIELD BUILDING, ST. LOUIS, MO.

## COULD WE HAVE LIVED IN GALILEE?

By ILA EARLE FOWLER.

When Jesus lived and taught in Galilee  
There were women who—highly favored—  
heard  
The living Word, who saw the Son of God  
On earth. Some careless passed him by.  
Some came  
To hear and stayed to scoff. Some sought  
and found  
Content and comfort in his words. Some  
met  
A crucial testing time and chose to turn  
Away from him.

Some saw him pass and would  
Have loved to follow him, but other duties  
pressed  
And they believing, yet, were kept at home  
To bake, to brew, to mend, to make a robe  
For wedding or for funeral. They were  
Employed, as we, with daily tasks of toil,  
So, sadly, let him go who would have been  
A welcome guest.

Some doubly blessed could walk  
And talk with him beside the fields where  
Ruth  
Had gleaned and near the palm tree's place  
where once  
Deborah dwelt when she judged Israel,  
Could walk in ways where Jael walked of  
old,  
Could pray as Hannah prayed; could min-  
ister  
Unto his daily needs and listen to  
Marvelous words.

Some blessed thrice could have  
Him in their homes, the sisters well beloved  
At Bethany, Mary of Magdala,  
Salome, Joan, Susanna, some unknown  
By name but written in the Book of Life;  
Those gathered at the empty tomb who  
there  
Beheld his perfect victory sublime  
O'er death and hell.

We think we would have loved  
To be with him in Palestine. But it  
Is better as it is. We have the Word  
And all the history of the centuries  
To tell what he has done for women. We  
Are spared the crucial test. The Bible gives  
A clearer vision than they had who saw  
Him face to face.  
*Frankfort, Ky.*

MRS. MARY D. IRVINE.

## **The Mother of Organized Work of Women in Kentucky.**

The backward look published on the next page from her pen will be much enjoyed by the reader, and you may be able to discern between the lines the faithful, untiring efforts and the patience and prayer required by this woman, who struggled on midst physical afflictions borne bravely and discouragements that would have stopped many another. We rejoice she has been spared to see the fruit of her efforts. Mrs. Irvine has been appointed to compile the history of our organized work of the Southern Church by the W. A. C.

## KENTUCKY'S SYNODICAL AUXILIARY ORGANIZATION.

MRS. MARY D. IRVINE, *Danville, Ky.*

IT was not until latter half of the nineteenth century that the Women's Missionary Societies began to multiply, and not until its last decade that Southern Presbyterian women became active in Presbyterian organization.

In our State of six Presbyteries, to Ebenezer belongs the honor of the first union formed in 1894, Louisville claims 1898, West Lexington 1905, and Transylvania and Paducah 1907. Muhlenburg quickly followed in 1908. The three latter bodies were organized under the supervision of our Synodical visitor, Miss Lucy McGowan.

A changed attitude regarding woman's position in the Church rendered organization much easier at this later period. But what seemed the irony of fate had occurred. When our Church had instituted its great "Forward Movement" and every energy was being bent toward the canceling of our Foreign Mission debt, Kentucky Synod appointed a Synodical woman visitor in 1907, who should stimulate *woman's activities*. Miss Lucy McGowan, of Louisville, was wisely chosen for this more aggressive work with a Synod's Advisory Committee, to whom she would report. From Miss McGowan's old record I quote, "Careful investigation revealed two things; the existence of quite a number of new struggling societies and a willingness, unsuspected on the part of many, to enter into the work," and we must add, to enter into Presbyterian unions, from which we had been debarred. Miss McGowan did valiant service for our State, organizing between 1907-8 fifty-seven missionary bands, including children's societies. So that in 1909, when she retired, because of home duties, the foundation on which to build further organization was well laid. This is not the first time the impact from the foreign field has quickened the Church at home and produced new conditions. Thus we find the following resolution of the Synod of Kentucky in October, 1911:

Resolved, the Synod of Kentucky approve the activity and usefulness of the Women's Presbyterian Unions within its bounds. Godly women have always been foremost factors in promoting the kingdom of God. Their unwearied fidelity and self-denying consecration, as expressed in the various domestic and Foreign Mission societies, have kept alive the sentiments and the inspiration which have been so recently asserted in the great Laymen's Movement and which has been marked by the seal of divine favor in pentecostal blessings upon the Church at home and abroad.

The Synod Committee appointed to convey this action to the Presbyterian Union was the following: Dr. E. M. Green, D. D., the Rev. E. W. Smith, D. D., the Rev. R. H. McCaslin and Ruling Elder A. J. A. Alexander.

Dr. Green then reported to our Presbyterian Unions that he had been made the Synodical chairman of a Committee on Woman's Work through which the Synodical Conference might report, etc.

Turning from this situation, we will retrace our steps one year to the fall of 1910, to Transylvania's fourth meeting at Jellico, Ky., where we sent out the first overture to the other unions asking that they appoint delegates for Synodical Union. Failing to get response to this, Transylvania's Presbyterian the following fall went uninvited to the West Lexington and Ebenezer meetings, explained the Synodical plan, secured hearty co-operation and a prompt appointment of delegate to be sent at once to Louisville, where would be held the last of 1911 series of fall unions' meetings. Late in the afternoon, at last hour of Louisville meeting in Bargstown Road church with four other Presbyterials, there represented, Louisville appointed her delegates, and at close of Presbyterian meeting we hastily met, and for want of time only partially organized our Synodical Conference. That is, we legally bound ourselves



into a Synodical Union, but time forbade a full constitution and election, other than chairman and secretary, with the understanding that a later meeting would follow.

Mrs. Mary D. Irvine was made chairman and Miss Ruth Crow secretary. Miss Crow could not serve and the work was left wholly with the chairman until another meeting could be held.

Something soon happened that placed our little bark on stormy waters. Almost coincident with our birth came Missouri's overture that our General Assembly give us one General Secretary of Women's Work. Already five States were standing in line, and now Kentucky was ready with her legal vote to help place the Key Stone, which would bind our entire Southern Presbyterian Church into a Woman's Organic Union with one common leader. Although our women had pledged themselves to Synodical Union, yet this new appeal for federation was to many so staggering that with them the pendulum began to swing backward, carrying with it opposition to even Synodical Union. Some of our Presbyterial presidents under such pressure began to doubt and tremble, suggesting that perhaps our work should best be reported and controlled through the Presbyteries. In other words, chaos began to reign. Volumes had to be written in explanation; wires got busy and telegrams flew, and withal, it did seem as if Kentucky was about to retreat. Strong women and strong men stood by us: Synod, 1911, had taken action, every step was legally guarded, and when at Montreat, in August, 1912, the great Women's Council was ready for adoption, we shall always rejoice that we were there to help form and to vote for it, as Kentucky's representative. However, we were aware that sore and grave misunderstandings still existed back home, so at once we persuaded Mrs. Winsborough, our newly elected officer, to devote herself to Kentucky that self-same fall of 1912. All of us know the rest. She won wherever she went, and was with us when we again met in Louisville in the Second church in 1912, and with the assistance of the Rev. R. H. McCaslin, one

of Synod's committee, we adopted our constitution and elected officers. Miss Lucy McGowan had again found it possible to take up work, and upon her shoulders fell the heavy work and responsibility of leadership. She served us until 1916, and was succeeded by Mrs. William Charleton, who was president until the fall of 1919, when home duties made it imperative for her to retire. Then she was succeeded by the present president, Mrs. H. J. Cockerham.

Kentucky women have been blessed in the splendid leadership of these three women, under whose administration marked progress has been made, and may I add that each of them in turn have been given the honored position of Secretary to our General Auxiliary, the W. A. C.

Looking back to the initial steps of the Southern Presbyterian women towards organized work, we are reminded of the days when William Carey, pleading in behalf of Foreign Missions, was told to sit down, the Church had no need of him—so were we told to *sit down*. We praise God we did not sit down, but that today we are to our beloved Church, their "Woman's Auxiliary," being used in the launching of every enterprise worth while, under the leadership of a woman who was clearly raised up for the time.

It has been said that Kentuckians are more foolish about their State than any others, and that everybody in Kentucky knows everybody else. A woman of Kentucky was sojourning in Connecticut a year or two ago, and was called upon by a woman of the town, in which she was, in company with a visitor, from Kentucky, who was a stranger to our first Kentucky woman. After a few minutes' conversation between the two Kentuckians, and the finding of several mutual friends, the visitor turned in triumph to her hostess, exclaiming, "There! did I not tell you that everybody in Kentucky knew everybody else!" Be that as it may, that is the desire we have for our women's work—that every woman of our beloved Church shall come in close touch with every other woman in the great work for our King. In carrying out this pol-

icy we are advising the presidents of our Presbyterials to visit each of her local Auxiliaries, and also that the Synodical officers, as far as possible, do the same. To this end the president is giving a great deal of time to itinerating in the

State. The future vision is for more aggressive work along all lines, and it is our very earnest prayer that Kentucky will measure up to her full responsibility.

## LOUISVILLE PRESBYTERIAL AUXILIARY.

MISS ALICE EASTWOOD, *President.*

**L**OUISVILLE Presbyterian Auxiliary is the largest in population of the five Presbyterian Auxiliaries in Kentucky, has the largest number of churches, and has represented in it all the problems which confronts woman's work in city, town and country.

The largest churches of Louisville and surrounding towns have for many years been interested and zealous in Auxiliary work, but in the outlying rural districts, where communication is difficult and railroad travel uncertain, where preaching services are irregular and pastoral relations correspondingly weak, it is extremely difficult to maintain the proper relations between Presbyterian and the local Auxiliary, or even an understanding of our desire to co-operate with them in every way, however small their numbers or limited their field. This has always been the greatest problem of the Louisville Presbyterian Auxiliary, and it is by no means solved yet. A decided note of encouragement has come in that some of the pastors of country churches are manifesting keen interest in organization methods. A recent visit of our Synodical President to a remote group of churches in our Presbyterian, at the urgent request of the pastor of the group, resulted in a lively interest in the suggestions made for programs and study, and the organi-

zation of an Auxiliary where there was none before.

The Circle plan is just now most absorbing to a number of our city churches and also town churches. We have been slow in adopting the suggestions for this plan, but the energy and enthusiasm manifested during the few months of trial is very encouraging.

The special work which Louisville Presbyterian Auxiliary is striving to accomplish before the end of the year is the completion of the Eleanor Tarrant Little Memorial Fund, for the hospital ward in the Red Cross colored hospital for colored children. This is a badly needed institution, as there is no place in the State where colored children can receive adequate medical or surgical attention, which as children they require. When completed the hospital will be maintained partly by the State and partly by the colored people themselves, and will be open to children from all parts of the State. As a memorial to Mrs. Little, who was the dearly beloved president of our Presbyterian Auxiliary for several years, it will be most fitting, for she was untiring in her interest and activity in behalf of neglected and unfortunate colored children. As a hospital it will offer a valuable field for Christian activity on the part of societies and young people's organizations.

## A MEETING OF THE EBENEZER PRESBYTERIAL AUXILIARY.

**A**LL who attended the meeting of the Presbyterian at Grayson, Ky., in the spring will never forget that meeting, for in many ways its counterpart will not be found. Grayson is a small town near Ashland, Ky., off the main line of the Chesapeake and Ohio. The delegates arrived in a very hard downpour, but that was a sample of the feast that followed, for there was not a dry minute on the program. The people of Grayson made the women feel that it was a gathering worth their attention, and the brethren equally enjoyed the program. One lawyer said he wanted the ladies to understand he had closed his office to be there. And one sister who did not belong to the Presbyterian church

asked right there that she have her name added to the Grayson Auxiliary. The place cards were maps of Kentucky, with no place visible but Grayson. An account of the finest study class I have ever heard was given by the pastor's wife. After the study a written examination had been held and the papers graded. The departure of the guests was on the Blue Goose (a motor car) at 5 o'clock in the morning, midst urgent invitations to come back. At this meeting Mrs. Cleveland, the first president, was present, as she always is, to lend her encouragement. This is the oldest Presbyterian in the State, having celebrated her silver jubilee in 1919.

## WEST LEXINGTON PRESBYTERIAL AUXILIARY.

**T**HERE is in this Presbytery three distinct types of work—the small town, the Blue Grass churches in the country, so ideal, and the great mountain work.

October 13th this Presbyterian is to be hostess to the Synodical, and the meeting will be at one of these country churches, Troy, five miles from the railroad, a church which had for its pastor for eight years Dr. E. O. Guerrant.

There are several groups of these splendid country churches, very accessible, and at which every fall the Presbytery meets for an all-day conference, when there are between one and two hundred women present.

The fall conference will be held in connection with the Synodical at this country church, and we wish that every one of you readers could enjoy the good time we expect to have.

The Auxiliary of this church is splendid; great development has come in the women leading, by the use of our Year Books of Programs. The Wednesday of every week these busy housekeepers give to church work, spending the whole day in quilting and weaving at the chapel, and once a month the day is given to program work. At every gathering, just as lunch is finished, the Secretary of Bible and Prayer Bands has planned a little study, and petitions to be prayed for on that day.

This society has been more than blessed by her young-old members, who have always put the kingdom of God before "this-is-the-way-we-used-to-do-it" and "we-cannot-change." They have been a blessing and encouragement to the younger members.





Jackson Conference: Front row are the children from Shoulder Blade Sunday School. Mrs. Guerrant, the doctor's wife, second row between Mrs. Dullnig and Mrs. Winsborough, next to whom appears Mrs. H. L. Cockerham, of Kentucky, who assembled the material for this month's Auxillary section.

### A WORD IN REGARD TO MRS. E. O. GUERRANT.

KENTUCKY has always been proud of the great work accomplished in the life of our beloved Dr. Guerrant, and we are wondering if many of the readers of the SURVEY would not like to know a little of that little woman who always stood by to help and encourage her husband in his great work, Mrs. Mary Devaul Guerrant.

One of the outstanding characteristics spoken of the doctor was his abounding hospitality, and women understand how Mrs. Guerrant was the ideal hostess, always ready for any who came to her board invited by her husband, else how could the home have been always filled with guests. Dr. Guerrant always said, Mrs. Guerrant had five boys and he had five girls, and both together had ten children, nine of whom are living, and rise up to call her blessed.

In the life of her noble husband she took a keen interest in all his great work, and since his death it certainly is in no measure lessened. At the Jackson Conference held in the heart of the great work which he established, and where every summer the workers from these places come to spend several days with the friends and helpers in Kentucky, to tell of how great things the Lord is doing in the work that still follows, although the doctor has gone to his reward, one of the most interested of those present is this woman.

At her home near Wilmore she spends her summers, and her winters with her children in the South.

In the picture of the Jackson Conference Mrs. Guerrant is in the second row marked X.

## PADUCAH-MUHLENBURG PRESBYTERIAL.

By MRS. W. T. FOWLER.

**P**ADUCAH-MUHLENBURG PRESBYTERIAL is the union of the women's societies of the two Presbyteries of Paducah and Muhlenburg. The area covered is large, comprising all of Kentucky west of Bowling Green and Owensboro. The opportunity for good is boundless, and its possibilities have scarcely been touched, though there are three other denominations which are strong in all this country.

The land is rich in mines, forests, tobacco, corn and wheat. All of Assembly's Home Mission causes are represented as opportunities. There are a few foreigners, many negroes, miners (the whole Western Kentucky coal field lies in Muhlenburg Presbytery). There are many isolated rural districts, the country school and country church problem being acute in some sections.

There are more than twenty churches on the roll, but most of them are small and weak. The larger churches in Paducah Presbytery are Paducah, Morganfield and Henderson. In Muhlenburg are Owensboro, Bowling Green, Greenville and Hopkinsville. In 1914 these were the only self-supporting churches. They

are widely separated, which is a great disadvantage. The Presbyterial has done much to overcome the difficulties and has strengthened the bonds between the women's societies wonderfully.

The two Presbyterials were united by vote at the meeting at Owensboro October 12-13, 1910. Mrs. W. H. Stewart, of Owensboro, was one of the first women to work for Presbyterial organization, and it was due to the work of Miss Lucy McGowan as Presbyterial visitor that the first meetings were held. Dr. and Mrs. R. H. McCaslin and Mrs. John DuBose, of Bowling Green, were among the first interested workers; also Dr. E. E. Smith, of Owensboro, and Miss Laura V. Shaw, of Paducah, who has been for several years honorary president. The present president is Mrs. W. L. Yancey, of Owensboro, who is in the third term. The Presbyterial has also been served by the following presidents: Mrs. W. R. Henderson, of Greenville; Mrs. C. P. White, of Guthrie; Miss L. V. Shaw, of Paducah, and Mrs. W. T. Fowler, of Hopkinsville.

*Frankfort, Ky.*

## A KENTUCKY WELCOME.

By G. ALLISON HOLLAND.

From Kentucky's hills and valleys, from the grassy dells and plain,  
Hear the notes of joyous welcome she extends,  
From her wealth of bud and blossom, growing in the sun and rain,  
You'll find all that hospitality commends,  
You'll catch the scent of lilacs and of violets and mint,  
When the reddening sky foretells the coming night,  
And your heart beats fast and faster in the gloaming and the glint,  
As we holler to you: "Stranger! stop and light."

Old Kentucky may be slower than her neighbors in some ways,  
But yields no point to any other clime  
When it comes to cordial greetings—and you'll find it as we say,  
That heart is in the right place all the time.  
True, there is the juicy berry, and the blue of lovely grass,  
And the flashing of the bird wings in their flight,  
And Kentucky loves to welcome all her good friends as they pass  
With a hearty "Howdy! stranger, stop and light."—*Adapted.*

# AMMUNITION

CONDUCTED BY MISS CARRIE LEE CAMPBELL  
306 WEST GRACE STREET,

RICHMOND, VA.

Dear Secretaries of Literature:

WHEN this copy of the MISSIONARY SURVEY comes to you, there will already be thoughts of Christmas in your minds. Look carefully over the list of thoughts given in the specimen lines below, and order them direct from The Press, 494 Franklin Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

These cards are most of them artistically printed on tinted cardboard, and will make most attractive cards of greeting for Christmas. They fill a long-felt want—a Christmas greeting card with a soulful message from one spirit to another.

Why not, as Secretary of Literature, send for a sample package, enclosing 25 cents, and pass them on to your under-secretaries, telling them of the good things you have found.

## *Some Specimen Lines.*

He knows, he loves, he cares,  
Nothing this truth can dim.  
He gives his very best to those  
Who leave the choice with him.

Whate'er the care which breaks thy rest,  
Whate'er the wish that swells thy breast,  
Spread before God that wish, that care,  
And change anxiety to prayer.

## *Skillfully Guided.*

He was better to me than all my hopes,  
He was better than all my fears,  
He made a road of my broken works,  
And a rainbow of my tears, &c., &c.

## *For Our Good Always.*

Let nothing make thee sad or fretful,  
Or too regretful;  
Be still;  
What God has ordered must be right,  
&c., &c.

"Be quiet—fear not,"

Thou layest thy hand on the fluttering  
heart

And sayest, "Be still."

The silence and the shadow are only a  
part

Of thy sweet will.

Thy presence is with me and where thou  
art

I fear no ill.

He and I together entering

Those bright courts above, he and I to-  
gether sharing,

He and I together sharing

All the Father's love, &c., &c.

The Lord's jewels need

Grinding and cutting

And polishing.

Why forget?

## *The Potter's Hand.*

To the potter's house I went down one  
day,

And watched him while moulding the  
vessels of clay;

And many a wonderful lesson I drew,  
As I noted the process the clay went  
through,

Thus with souls lying still, content in  
God's hand,

That do not His power of working with-  
stand;

They are moulded and fitted, a treasure  
to hold,

Vile clay now transformed into purest of  
gold.

(Twenty-four lines in all.)

Order all these leaflets from The Press,  
494 Franklin Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Most  
of them cost two cents apiece, or ten cents  
a dozen.

Send 25 cents for a sample lot.



# Publication and Sabbath School Extension

BRANCH DEPARTMENT AT TEXARKANA, ARK.-TEX.  
PUBLISHING HOUSE, 6-8 North Sixth Street, Richmond, Va.

## MISSIONARY EDUCATION FOR PRESBYTERIAN YOUNG PEOPLE.

GILBERT GLASS, D. D., *General Superintendent Sunday School and Young People's Work.*

THE developing of missionary attitudes, motives and actions occupies an important place in modern plans for religious education. This is true for several reasons.

First, the Church needs consecrated lives and consecrated means for the evangelization of the world. These will only come in sufficient measure from a generation that has been fully trained in stewardship and missions.

Furthermore, the process of religious training is not complete unless character has been formed that is fully responsive to the needs of the world and the commands of the Head of the Church. This means missionary character that is completely obedient to the great commission. All religious education, therefore, ought to have its aim and issue in personal surrender and devotion to Jesus Christ and in missionary giving and service.

The teaching and training program of the local church will have to be built on this basis, with every organization and agency co-operating to this end, in order to meet the real needs of the Church of to-day and to-morrow.

### WHAT IS BEING DONE.

Leaders in religious and missionary education are working as rapidly as possible toward effective co-operation. The program of which we are speaking will include all the elements of training needed to produce full orbed Christian character, having the same mind which is in Christ Jesus, spending and being spent in the devotion of life and resources to the bringing in of his kingdom. In all projected methods and plans there is com-

plete dependence on the leadership and power of God's spirit.

### TEACHING MISSIONS IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The missionary phase of Sunday school instruction is being stressed as never before. Practically all children and youth of the Church are gathered in the classes and general exercises of the school. Without doubt here is an open door for reaching their hearts and minds and training their conduct in obedience to the great commission.

Some progress has been made toward a Sunday school curriculum which shall include missionary teaching as part of the regular lesson courses. Several joint meetings have been held by the Committee on Lesson Courses of the Sunday School Council of Evangelical Churches of North America and a Committee representing the Missionary Education Movement. A leaflet of suggestions for graded missionary instruction in the Sunday school has been issued as a result of these meetings.

### SOME PLANS BEING USED.

Following are some of the methods suggested for Sunday-school use. These are fully described in the leaflets and books listed at the end of this article.

### FOR OPENING AND CLOSING EXERCISES.

Missionary stories as part of worship service.

Missionary objects and curios used to quicken interest.

Missionary maps, posters and charts.

Missionary stereopticon slides. Attractive slides illustrating various for-

eign mission countries can be obtained from the Foreign Mission Committee. Other committees also furnish material of this kind.

Photographs of missionaries. Attention to be called to these in an appropriate way with unveiling and a brief talk.

Talks from visiting missionaries whenever they can be secured.

Brief missionary pageants or dramatized incidents.

Such of these methods as are practicable and suitable should be used in their due proportion and variety. A schedule of yearly plans should be arranged beforehand and carried out after careful preparation by the Missionary Superintendent or committee, or by some one to whom the promotion of missionary instruction has been assigned.

#### DEPARTMENTAL PROGRAMS.

In schools which provide for separate departmental worship the methods suggested above should be adapted to the needs and interest of the different ages. Suggestions for the Secondary Division will be found in "Youth of the Church and Missions" by Miss Binford, reprinted by request in this number of THE SURVEY. The Mexican story also reprinted in this issue from a series written by Miss Shields for the Foreign Missions Committee, illustrates the story method of awakening interest of young children.

#### MISSIONS IN THE CLASSES.

Some of the methods for the whole school or department may be used by teachers in the class session, such as *maps, posters, charts, curios, stories and photographs*. Members of the classes may be asked to bring missionary facts, incidents, or stories bearing on next Sunday's lesson.

Organized classes should undertake definite missionary activity. The most effective method of training in missions is the guiding of pupils into missionary giving and activity which call for sacrifice and real service. One of the forms

of through-the-week activity, especially recommended for organized Sunday school classes is the study of mission books.

#### MISSIONARY TRAINING AND CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Christian Endeavor has always been "strong on missions." Greater emphasis than ever is being placed on missionary instruction and activity in the present Christian Endeavor program. *The Southern Presbyterian Christian Endeavor Standard of Efficiency* which is being successfully promoted among the Senior and Intermediate Societies of our Church is an illustration in point. This chart links the loyalty and service of our young people to their own Church and to missionary and benevolent activities. It contains the following requirements which have a missionary purpose:

*Under section 5, "Missionary Service."*

"At least six missionary meetings during the year, using program material furnished by the Church's Benevolent and Missionary Agencies.

"A mission study class or reading course, using books approved by the Educational Secretary of Foreign and Home Missions.

"At least two subscriptions to the Missionary Survey.

"Contributions to all Church causes in proportion recommended by the General Assembly.

"The Missionary Committee co-operating with the pastor, Woman's Auxiliary, Sunday School and other agencies in promoting missionary interest, giving and activity."

*Under section 4, "Community Service."*

"Community survey with follow-up plans and steps to meet the needs revealed.

"Definite help for poor, sick and unfortunate, including social and religious service rendered to those in hospitals, jails and other public institutions.

"Constructive social service, such as finding jobs for unemployed, directing community recreation, and promoting wholesome living conditions.

"Religious service in connection with city missions, outpost Sunday schools or special evangelistic meetings."

*Under section 9, "Denominational."*

"Adopt the 'Progressive Program' and join the drive for \$100,000 asked annually of Young People's Societies for Beneficences by the General Assembly."

#### DEFINITE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR OBJECTIVES.

In addition to the training in stewardship and missions which Christian Endeavorers are receiving by means of these programs of study and activity and giving, and through the "Tenth Legion," which is a steadily growing movement to promote tithing, Southern Presbyterian Endeavorers have definitely undertaken the support of Dr. and Mrs. T. Th. Stixrud, Luebo, Africa, and Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Hunnicutt, Lavras, Brazil, in the foreign field, and have pledged their support to Beechwood Seminary, Heidelberg, Ky., Rev. A. L. McDuffie, principal, in the home field.

Many societies are contributing liberally to other causes of the Church, and quite a number are performing real service of missionary character in their own communities.

#### MISSIONARY PROGRAM.

Dr. John I. Armstrong, as Educational Secretary for the Foreign Mission Committee, has for the past few years furnished helpful programs and material on both Foreign and Home Missions to our Sunday schools and Christian Endeavor societies, and this service will no doubt be continued by his successor.

#### MISSIONS AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONFERENCES.

The Young People's Conferences at Montreat and elsewhere have been marked by strong missionary influence and atmosphere. At Montreat last summer 643 splendid young people from every section of our Church received very definite impressions of missionary and stewardship character, and a number of them dedi-

cated their lives to religious service at home or abroad during the Conference. The same is true of the North Carolina Young People's Conference held at Flora McDonald College, Red Springs, N. C. As other Synods fall into line with annual Young People's Conferences, the stimulus of these centers of inspiration and instruction on all the work of the Church will be pronounced and exceedingly fruitful.

#### LET'S ALL PULL TOGETHER.

This is a great day for Christian young people. They are being aroused and challenged as never before by the call to service of the great Head of the Church. Every agency which holds a place of responsibility for the saving and training of our young people should heartily cooperate in making these educational and training organizations of the Church effective in developing missionary character.

One of the most striking and encouraging movements in the Church to-day is the splendid unanimity and enthusiasm with which the Woman's Auxiliary is moving toward a clear-cut program in its work with the young people, with special emphasis on missionary training. Quite a number of mission study classes are being formed under the auspices of local women's societies and some fine pioneer work is also being done in the holding of Presbyterial Young People's Conferences in connection with Auxiliary meetings. In addition to mission study classes already under way or in prospect, Secretaries of Young People's Work, and those having in charge the promotion of missionary instruction in the Auxiliary can contribute vitally and constructively to the forward movement in missionary education by giving themselves heart and soul to the promotion of missionary education in Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies,—organizations which already have the loyalty of multitudes of our young people and whose programs and plans are already under way and are beginning to bear fruit throughout the Church.



PARTIAL LIST OF LEAFLETS AND BOOKS  
ON MISSIONARY EDUCATION IN THE  
SUNDAY SCHOOL AND CHRIS-  
TIAN ENDEAVOR.

Pamphlets and books of missionary stories and other material can be secured from the Publication Committee at Richmond. Many of these are cited in the leaflets listed below:

LEAFLETS.

A Graded Program of Missionary Education, for the Church School—Annual.  
The Seven Year Plan.

How to Develop Missionary Spirit and Activity in the Sunday School.

Missionary Education for Children.

Boys and Girls in Training (special reference to missions).

Mission Study Text-Books 1920-1921.

Plans for Missionary Committee (C. E.).

The Missionary Committee (C. E.).  
Work for the Missionary Committee (C. E.).

Suggestions for the Missionary Committee (C. E.).

Missionary Plans for Junior C. E. Societies.

The Missionary Committee (Junior C. E.).

BOOKS.

"Missionary Education in the Church School." Beard.....	\$1.00
"Missionary Education in Home and School?" Diffendorfer....	1.50
"Making Missions Real." Stowell.	50
"The Why and How of Missions in the Sunday School." Brown...	50
"The Sunday School Teacher and the Program of Jesus." Trull & Stowell .....	.75
"The Missionary Education of Juniors." Hutton .....	.75
"The Missionary Manual (C. E.)"	

## SOMBREROS.

ELIZABETH McE. SHIELDS.

THERE was to be a picnic at Big Bend. Such a getting ready as there was among all the small folks and big folks.

Wise Mother Barton *almost* packed the lunch the night before, all except the pies which she thought might "squish" and the chicken which might spoil. She *almost* had Tommy dress the night before, of course I do not mean really and truly, for it would never do for him to sleep in his clothes; but she *did* have him to put out all of his picnic clothes where he could jump into them the first thing in the morning. Just before he was ready to jump into bed, she said, "By the way, Tommy, where is your old sun hat? You will need it."

"You mean my sombrero? I think Aunt Nell chucked it up in the attic for keeps."

There they found it and as they put it with the rest of the picnic outfit, mother

said, "As a rule, you picnickers like a story near the close of the day, so if you'll remind me to-morrow, I'll tell you a story of which your sombrero makes me think.

And this is what she told the tired picnickers as they sat under the trees at Big Bend.

I want you to shut your eyes a minute while I take you to Mexico. Now, open them, for we have traveled faster than an airship can carry us, and we are in the beautiful part of the country, the mountain part, where Josefa lives.

Josefa went for a short time to the Mission School. There she learned to read very easy words, and there she learned to love the Bible stories and to know and love Jesus, her friend. But the war came and the missionaries had to leave.

One day her father ran into the house, crying, "Bandit robbers are coming, we'll have to leave."

So the family quickly packed their

clothes and food and left their home. You can see them in this picture (showing picture No. 5). Do you see Josefa on the back of the horse?

Months and months passed before it was safe for them to return. When they did go back home, it was not a real home, for only the walls of the house were left. The bandits had taken everything else.

Many of the neighbors and friends had forgotten the Jesus way of living and had gone back to their own way.

Josefa said, "I do not know much, but I will do the things I *know* and maybe God will send some one to teach me more."

It was a glad day when her father said, "The mission school is to be opened again. The missionaries have come!"

Josefa jumped up and down with joy, but her father did not look so happy, for he said, "It takes money to go to school and I have none."

For a minute, Josefa did not know what to say, but soon she smiled and said,

"I sell baskets and sombreros. I make money myself."

So here she is (showing picture No. 6) on the streets of the city, selling her baskets and sombreros. She walks miles in a day, but she is happy, for each time she finds some one to buy, she says, "Soon I'll be able to read for myself all about the Jesus way."

As Mother Barton finished her story, it was time for the tired picnics to go home. Tommy put his sombrero on his head and said, "Josefa is all right. I believe some of us Primaries might help out boys and girls like that."

And sure enough they did. It was Tommy's own idea that Mother Barton make tiny little sombreros for each boy and girl in the department to be used as banks. And you would be surprised to see how many nickels and dimes and quarters found their way into the sombreros.

On the hat band was printed, "For the Boys and Girls in Mexico."

## THE YOUTH OF THE CHURCH AND MISSIONS.

ANNA BRANCH BINFORD.

### MY RESPONSIBILITY IF I WERE LOCAL SECRETARY OF Y. P. WORK.

If I had been appointed Secretary of Young People's Work in my own church, my first duty would be to plan for the Missionary Education of every young person between the ages of six and twenty-four. Of course, by Missionary is meant the things we are all standing for now.

In order to find these young people I should go into conference with the heads of each department of the Sunday school. From them I should get the plans which they have for their Sunday-morning teaching and for the Through-the-Week Activities which are to put into action this teaching. This would enable me to know whether there was any adequate provision for missionary instruction. Where such instruction is not given I should make my plans to provide for that department of the Sunday school some definite missionary education.

#### SOME SUGGESTIVE WAYS OF DOING THIS.

##### Missionary Illustrations

- " Stories
- " Songs
- " Pictures
- " Talks
- " Five Minutes
- " Offerings

IN THE  
SUNDAY  
SCHOOL  
PERIOD

I should confer with the chairman of the Missionary Committee of each class, and guide them into planning and carrying through definite missionary work.

In planning I should remember that missionary education and activities, like all other instruction and activities, to be successful must be graded to suit the age, needs, and environment of the group.

##### Missionary Posters

- " Pageants
- " Social or Service Activities
- " Story Hour
- " Study Class
- " Rally
- " Books

AT SOME  
SPECI-  
FIED  
HOUR  
OTHER  
THAN  
THE  
SUNDAY  
SCHOOL  
HOUR

#### MY AIM.

That through larger or smaller groupings the whole youth of the Church might be trained:  
In Christian Fellowship, Worship, Devotion.  
In Knowledge of the Four Causes of our Church.

In Service to the Four Causes of our Church.  
In Giving to the Four Causes of our Church.

And thus prepared eventually for leadership or team work in the Church.

For the young people from twelve to twenty-four where the organized class method is used

# Missionaries of the Presbyterian Church, U. S.

## AFRICA-CONGO MISSION AFRICA.

**Bulape, 1915.**  
Rev. and Mrs. H. M. Washburn.  
Rev. and Mrs. C. T. Wharton.  
Miss Elda M. Fair.

**Luebo, 1891.**  
Rev. and \*Mrs. Motte Martin.  
\*Dr. and Mrs. L. J. Coppedge.  
\*Miss Maria Fearing (c).  
\*Rev. and Mrs. T. C. Vinson.  
Rev. and Mrs. S. H. Wilds.  
Dr. and Mrs. T. Th. Stixrud.  
\*Rev. and Mrs. A. C. McKinnon.  
Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Daumery.  
Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Stegall.  
\*Miss Mary E. Kirkland.  
Rev. and Mrs. R. F. Cleveland.  
\*Rev. and Mrs. A. L. Edmiston (c).  
Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Allen.  
Mr. and Mrs. Savels (Associate Workers).  
Rev. and Mrs. J. K. Hobson.

**Mutoto, 1912.**  
Rev. A. A. Rochester (c).  
Rev. and Mrs. Plumer Smith.  
Dr. and Mrs. Robt. R. King.  
Rev. and Mrs. C. L. Crane.  
\*Mrs. S. N. Edhegard.  
Rev. and Mrs. A. Hoyt Miller.

**Lusambo, 1913.**  
\*Rev. and Mrs. R. D. Bedinger.  
Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Schlotter.  
Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Longenecker.  
Miss Emma E. Larson.

**Bibangu, 1917.**  
\*Rev. and Mrs. Geo. T. McKee.  
\*Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Kellersberger.  
\*Mr. W. L. Hillhouse.  
Miss Ruby Rogers.  
Rev. and Mrs. W. F. McElroy.

## E. BRAZIL MISSION. [16]

**Lavras, 1893.**  
\*Rev. and Mrs. S. R. Gammon.  
Miss Charlotte Kemper.  
Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Knight.  
Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Hunnicutt.  
Miss Genevieve Marchant.  
Miss Ora M. Glenn.  
Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Sydenstricker.  
Rev. and Mrs. F. B. Baker.

**Piumby, 1915.**  
\*Mrs. Kate B. Cowan.  
**Campo Bello, 1912.**  
Miss Ruth See.  
Mrs. D. G. Armstrong.

## W. BRAZIL MISSION. [10]

**Ytu, 1909.**  
Rev. and Mrs. Gaston Boyle.

**Braganca, 1907.**

\*Rev. Marion S. Huske.

**Campinas, 1869.**

Mrs. J. R. Smith.  
Rev. and Mrs. Jas. P. Smith.

**Itapetinga, 1912.**

**Descalvado, 1900.**

Rev. and Mrs. Alva Hardie.  
Sao Sebastiao do Paraíso, 1917.  
Rev. and Mrs. R. D. Daffin.

## N. BRAZIL MISSION. [16]

**Garanhuns, 1895.**  
\*Rev. and Mrs. G. E. Henderlite.  
Rev. and Mrs. W. M. Thompson.  
Miss Eliza M. Reed.  
Rev. and Mrs. Geo. W. Taylor, Jr.

**Pernambuco, 1873.**

Miss Margaret Douglas.  
Miss Edmonia R. Martin.  
Miss Leora James (Natal).  
\*Miss R. Caroline Kilgore.  
Rev. H. S. Allyn, M. D.  
Mrs. H. S. Allyn.

**Parahyba, 1917.**  
Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Porter.  
**Canhotinho, 1895.**  
\*Mrs. W. G. Butler.

## MID CHINA MISSION [77]

**Hangchow, 1867.**  
Mrs. J. L. Stuart, Sr. (Peking).  
Miss E. B. French.  
Miss Emma Boardman.  
Rev. and Mrs. Warren H. Stuart.  
Miss Annie R. V. Wilson.  
\*Rev. and Mrs. R. J. McMullen.  
\*Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wilson.  
Miss Rebecca E. Wilson.  
Rev. G. W. Painter, Pulaski, Va.  
Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Blain.  
Miss Nettie McMullen.  
Miss Sophie P. Graham.  
Miss Frances Stribling.  
Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Allison.  
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Evans.  
Mr. W. E. Smith (Associate Worker).

**Shanghai.**  
Rev. and Mrs. S. I. Woodbridge.  
\*Rev. and Mrs. C. N. Caldwell.  
Miss Mildred Watkins.

**Kashing, 1895.**  
Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Hudson.  
Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Venable (Kuling).  
Miss Elizabeth Talbot.  
Rev. and Mrs. Lowry Davis.  
\*Miss Irene Hawkins.  
\*Miss Elizabeth Corriher.  
Miss Sade A. Neshit.  
Dr. and Mrs. F. R. Crawford.  
\*Rev. and Mrs. J. Y. McGinnis.  
Miss E. Elinore Lynch.  
Rev. and Mrs. R. Clyde Douglas.

**Kiangyin, 1895.**  
Rev. and Mrs. L. I. Moffett (Shanghai).  
Rev. and Mrs. Lucy L. Little.  
Dr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Worth.  
\*Miss Rida Jouroulan.  
Mrs. Anna McG. Sykes.  
Miss Carrie L. Moffett.  
Miss Venie J. Lee, M. D.

**Nanking.**  
Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Stuart (Peking).  
Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Hutcheson.  
Dr. and Mrs. R. T. Shields (Tsin-anfu).  
\*Rev. and Mrs. P. F. Price.  
Rev. and Mrs. D. W. Richardson.  
Miss Florence Nickles.  
Rev. H. T. Bridgman. [?]  
Miss Nina E. Bradley.

**Soochow, 1872.**  
Miss Addie M. Sloan.  
\*Miss Gertrude Sloan.  
Mrs. M. P. McCormick.  
Rev. and Mrs. P. C. DuBose.  
\*Mrs. R. A. Haden.  
Miss Irene McCain.  
Dr. and Mrs. M. P. Young.  
Rev. and Mrs. Henry L. Reaves.  
Rev. and Mrs. H. Maxey Smith.  
Miss Mabel C. Currie.

## N. KIANGSU MISSION [80]

**Chinkiang, 1883.**  
Rev. and Mrs. A. Sydenstricker.  
\*Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Paxton.  
Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Crenshaw.  
\*Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Farrior.  
Rev. and Mrs. M. A. Hopkins.  
**Taichow, 1908.**  
\*Rev. and Mrs. T. L. Harnsberger.  
Dr. and Mrs. Robt. B. Price.  
Rev. Chas. Ghiselin, Jr.  
Rev. and Mrs. C. F. Hancock.

**Hsuehoufu, 1896.**  
Mrs. Mark B. Grier, M. D.  
\*Dr. and Mrs. A. A. McFayden.  
Rev. Geo. P. Stevens (Tenghsien).  
Rev. and Mrs. F. A. Brown.  
\*Rev. and Mrs. O. V. Armstrong.  
Rev. and Mrs. Lewis H. Lancaster.  
Miss Isahel Grier.  
Miss Lois Young.

**Hwaiianfu, 1904.**  
Rev. H. M. Woods.  
Miss Josephine Woods.  
Rev. and Mrs. O. F. Yates.  
Miss Lillian C. Wells.  
Miss Lilly Woods.  
Rev. and Mrs. Jas. N. Montgomery.

**Yencheng, 1911.**  
Rev. and Mrs. H. W. White.  
Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Hewett.  
Rev. C. H. Smith.

**Sutsien, 1891.**  
Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Bradley.  
\*Rev. B. C. Patterson.  
\*Mrs. B. C. Patterson, M. D.  
Rev. and Mrs. W. F. Junkin.  
Mr. H. W. McCutchan.  
Miss Mada I. McCutchan.  
Miss M. M. Johnston.  
Miss B. McRobert.

**Tsing-kiang-pu, 1887.**  
Rev. and Mrs. J. R. Graham.  
Dr. and Mrs. James B. Woods.  
Rev. and Mrs. A. A. Talbot.  
Miss Jessie D. Hall.  
Miss Sallie M. Lacy.  
Dr. and Mrs. L. Nelson Bell.  
Rev. and Mrs. H. Kerr Taylor.  
Rev. and Mrs. J. E. Wayland.

**Haichow, 1908.**  
\*Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Vinson.  
\*L. S. Morgan, M. D.  
\*Mrs. L. S. Morgan, M. D.  
\*Rev. and Mrs. Thos. B. Grafton.  
Mrs. A. D. Rice.  
Rev. and Mrs. W. C. McLaughlin.  
Miss Mary Bissett.  
Rev. and Mrs. Edw. S. Currie.

## CUBA MISSION. [6]

**Cardenas, 1899.**  
Miss M. E. Craig.  
Rev. and Mrs. R. L. Wharton.  
Miss Margaret M. Davis.  
Rev. S. B. M. Ghiselin (Associate Worker).

**Calbarien, 1902.**  
Miss Mary I. Alexander.  
†Rev. Janie Evans Patterson.  
†Rev. H. B. Somelllan.

## Placetias, 1907.

**None.**  
**Camajuani, 1910.**  
Miss Edith McC. Houston.  
†Rev. and Mrs. Ezequiel D. Torres.

## Sagua, 1913.

## JAPAN MISSION. [50]

### Kobe, 1890.

Rev. and Mrs. S. P. Fulton.  
Rev. and Mrs. H. W. Myers.  
Rev. and \*Mrs. W. McS. Buchanan.  
D. D.

### Kochi, 1885.

Rev. and Mrs. W. B. McIlwaine.  
Miss Annie H. Dowd.  
Rev. and Mrs. W. A. McIlwaine.

### Nagoya, 1887.

Miss Leila G. Kirtland.  
Rev. and Mrs. R. E. McAlpine.  
\*Rev. and Mrs. L. C. McC. Smythe.  
Miss Sarah G. Hansell.  
Miss Bessie M. Blakeney.  
Rev. J. E. Cousar, Jr.  
Miss F. Eugenia McAlpine.  
Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Logan.

### Gifu, 1917.

Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Buchanan.  
\*Miss Elizabeth O. Buchanan.

### Susaki, 1898.

\*Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Moore.  
Rev. and Mrs. H. J. Brady.

### Takamatsu, 1898.

\*Rev. and Mrs. S. M. Erickson.



Miss M. J. Atkinson.  
Rev. and Mrs. H. H. Munroe  
**Marugame, 1920.**  
Rev. and Mrs. J. Woodrow Hassell.  
Rev. and Mrs. I. S. McElroy, Jr.

**Tokushima, 1889.**  
\*Miss Lillian W. Curd.  
\*Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Ostrom.  
Rev. and Mrs. A. P. Hassell.  
Miss Estelle Lumpkin.

**Toyohashi, 1890.**  
Rev. and Mrs. C. K. Cummings.  
**Okazaki, 1890.**

\*Miss Florence Patton.  
\*Miss Annie V. Patton.  
Rev. and Mrs. C. Darby Fulton.

#### CHOSEN MISSION.

**Chunju, 1896.**  
Rev. and Mrs. L. B. Tate.  
Miss Mattie S. Tate.  
Rev. and Mrs. I. O. McCutchen.  
Rev. and Mrs. W. M. Clark.  
Rev. and Mrs. W. D. Reynolds.  
Miss Susanna A. Colton.  
Rev. S. D. Winn.  
Miss Emily Winn.  
Miss E. E. Kestler.  
Miss Lillian Austin.  
Rev. and Mrs. F. M. Eversole.  
Miss Sadie Buckland.  
Miss Janet Crane.  
Mr. J. Bolling Reynolds.  
Dr. and Mrs. M. O. Robertson.

**Kunsan, 1896.**  
Rev. and Mrs. Wm. F. Bull.

Miss Julia Dysart.  
Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Patterson.  
\*Rev. John McEachern.  
\*Mr. Wm. A. Linton.  
Miss Lavalette Dupuy.  
Rev. and Mrs. W. B. Harrison.  
Miss Illie O. Lathrop.  
Miss Willie B. Greene.

#### Kwangju, 1904.

\*Rev. Eugene Bell.  
Rev. S. K. Dodson.  
\*Miss Mary Dodson.  
\*Mrs. C. C. Owen.  
Miss Flla Graham.  
Dr. and Mrs. R. M. Wilson.  
Miss Anna McQueen.  
Rev. and Mrs. J. V. N. Talmage.  
Rev. and Mrs. Robert Knox.  
Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Swinehart.  
Miss Elizabeth Walker.  
Miss Elise J. Shepping (Itinerating).  
Rev. and Mrs. L. T. Newland.  
Miss Georgia Hewson.

#### Mokpo, 1899.

Rev. and Mrs. H. D. McCallie.  
Miss Julia Martin.  
Rev. J. S. Nisbet.  
Miss Ada McMurphy  
Dr. and Mrs. R. S. Leadingham  
(Seoul).  
\*Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Parker (Pyeng-  
Yang).  
\*Mrs. P. S. Crane.  
Rev. D. Jas. Cumming.  
Miss Esther B. Matthews.  
Rev. and Mrs. Joseph Hopper.

**Soonchun, 1913.**  
Rev. and Mrs. J. F. Preston.  
Rev. and Mrs. R. T. Coit.  
Miss Meta L. Biggar.  
Miss Anna L. Greer.  
Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Crane.  
Dr. and Mrs. J. McL. Rogers.  
Miss Louise Miller.

#### MEXICO MISSION [11]

**Zitacuaro, 1919.**  
\*Rev. and Mrs. H. L. Ross.

**Morelia, 1919.**  
Rev. and Mrs. Jas. O. Shelby.

**Toluca, 1919.**  
Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Ross.

**San Angel.**  
Miss Alice J. McClelland.

**Laredo, Texas.**  
Miss E. V. Lee.

**Austin, Texas.**  
Miss Anne E. Dysart.

**Coyoacan.**  
Prof. and Mrs. R. C. Morrow.

Missions, 10.  
Occupied Stations, 53.  
Missionaries, 396.  
Associate Workers, 11.

\*On furlough, or in United States.  
Dates opposite names of stations in-  
dicates year stations were opened.

†Associate Workers.  
For postoffice address, etc., see page  
below.

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**E. BRAZIL**—For Lavras—"Lavras, Estado de Minas Geraes, Brazil." Bom Sucesso, Estado de Minas Geraes, Brazil. For Piumhy—"Piumhy, Estado de Minas Geraes, Brazil."

**W. BRAZIL**—For Campinas—"Campinas, Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil." For Descalvado—"Descalvado Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil." For Braganca—"Braganca, Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil." For Sao Paulo—"Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil." For Itu—"Itu, Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil." For Sao Sebastiao de Paraíso—"Sao Sebastiao de Paraíso Estado de Minas Geraes, Brazil."

**N. BRAZIL**—For Canhotinho—"Canhotinho, E. de Pernambuco, Brazil." For Garanhuns—"Garanhuns, E. de Pernambuco, Brazil." For Natal—"Rio Grande de Norte, Brazil." For Pernambuco—"Recife, E. de Pernambuco, Brazil. For Parahyba—"Parahyba do Norte, E. da Parahyba.

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**NORTH KIANGSU MISSION**—For Chinkiang—"Care S. P. M., Chinkiang, Ku., China." For Taichow—"Care S. P. M., Taichow, Ku., China, via Chinkiang." For Hsuehoufu—"Care S. P. M., Hsuehoufu, Ku., China." For Hwaiene fu—"Care S. P. M., Hwaiene fu, Ku., China." For Sutsien—"Care S. P. M., Sutsien, Ku., China." For Tsing-Kiang-Pu—"Care S. P. M., Tsing-Kiang-Pu, Ku., China." For Haichow—"Care S. P. M., Haichow, Ku., China." For Yen-cheng—"Care S. P. M., Yen-cheng, Ku., China."

If uncertain, address care Mission Treasurers, 9 Hankow Road, Shanghai. Parcels other than samples and books may be sent in care of this address.

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**JAPAN**—For Kobe—"Kobe, Japan." For Kochi—"Kochi, Tosa Province, Japan." For Nagoya—"Nagoya, Owari Province, Japan." For Susaki—"Susaki, Tosa Province, Japan." For Takenatsu—"Takenatsu, Sazuki Province, Japan." For Tokushima—"Tokushima, Awa Province, Japan." For Toyohashi—"Toyohashi, Mikawa Province, Japan." Okazaki—"Okazaki, Mikawa Province, Japan." For Gifu—"Gifu, Gifu Province, Japan." For Marugame—"Marugame, Sanuki Province, Japan."

**CHOSEN**—For Chunju—"Chunju, Chosen, Asia." For Kunsan—"Kunsan, Chosen, Asia." For Kwangju—"Kwangju, Chosen, Asia." For Mokpo—"Mokpo, Chosen, Asia." For Seoul—"Seoul, Chosen, Asia." For Soorchn—"Soonchun, Chosen, Asia."

**MEXICO MISSION**—For Zitacuaro—"Zitacuaro, Michoacan, Mexico." For Morelia—"Morelia, Michoacan, Mexico." For Toluca—"Toluca, Mexico, Mexico." For Coyoacan—"Coyoacan, D. F. Mexico." For San Angel—"San Angel, D. F. Mexico."



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